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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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Portrait in Colors of Phoebe Foster in "The Cinderella Man"

Phoebe Foster is one of the youngest, though one of the most talented and popular of our leading women. Miss Foster is a New York product. Her home is on Riverside Drive. She attended a smart New York school, leaving it to take a course in dramatic training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She went to school further in a stock company at Pittsfield, Mass. Her first part after her stock training was as the girl who committed the theft in "Under Cover." She was later seen in "Under Fire" and "Back Home." This season as Marjorie Caner, "the fairy godmother" in "The Cinderella Man," she has achieved huge success. Miss Foster will continue in this part next season.

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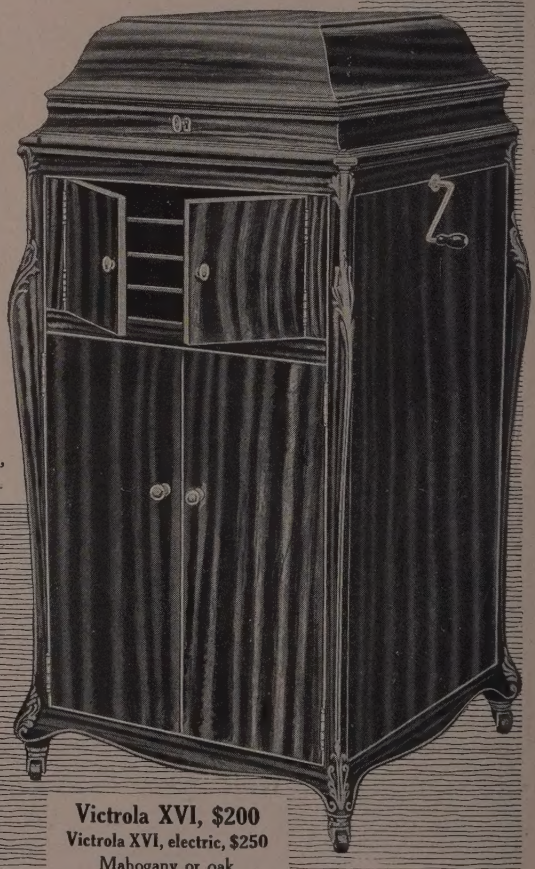

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST, 1916 No. 186

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Photo Kaufmann & Fabry Eva Le Gallienne Henry E. Dixey

ACT II. Mr. Lazarus: "I'm your father!"

SCENE IN "MR. LAZARUS," A NEW COMEDY AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE, CHICAGO, WHICH WILL OPEN IN NEW YORK EARLY NEXT SEASON

Heard Here and There

A Varied Costume Elsie Ferguson was married to Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., on the afternoon of June 14th. The New York papers described her costume as follows: The *Herald*—"The bride wore a summery costume of pale blue mull, combined with filet lace and a large Leghorn hat trimmed with a wreath of tiny peaches and blossoms, the brim being of pale blue to match the costume." The *Tribune*—"The bride wore an afternoon gown of fille lace over salmon colored taffeta and a Leghorn hat trimmed with blue tulle." The *Sun*—"A costume of white satin and chiffon, the skirt of walking length, and finished with a deep tunic of satin was worn by the bride. She wore a small toque of blue straw, finished with a wide ruffle of tulle to corespond." The *World*—"Miss Ferguson wore a simple flesh-colored gown with long sleeves and a large blue hat." According to my esteemed contemporaries the actress possesses the miraculous gift of being able to wear four different gowns at the same time.

* * *

The Simple Life The life of the white lights and Broadway cafés seems to be inevitably mixed up in most person's minds with successful theatrical stars and artistic personages generally. The simple life, however, still has charms for most of the really great interpretive artists. Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, for instance, feels conscious stricken whenever he enters an expensive restaurant. His winter abode is in a small hotel near Carnegie Hall, and often he can be found at meal times in a little "quick lunch" restaurant not far away. His fellow diners for the most part are laborers who are working on the new Seventh Avenue subway, although he is by no means the only musician to frequent the place. "If I like a baked apple prepared a certain way," he confided to a friend, "I see no harm in getting it in a cheap restaurant, if it is done as I want it. I do not believe in paying three or four times as much for the same article at an expensive hotel just for the sake of appearances, or because I am supposed to have a greater earning power than the other people who patronize inexpensive eating places. The simpler and freer from ostentation the life of an artist is, the more beautiful will be his work."

* * *

Made in America The acceptance for presentation at the Metropolitan Opera House of Reginald De Koven's new opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," has aroused a storm of protests. The proper thing in such a case is to protest. When Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano," Horatio Parker's "Mona," Frederick Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," and Victor Herbert's "Madalein," were offered to the public by the same institution there were violent protests from American composers and from others. Whether the new opera will be better or worse than the above mentioned American and near American operas remains to be seen, but the admirers of "Robin Hood" predict for it a wonderful future. It is popular in America to ridicule American music, and as long as the controversy lasts the managers of the Metropolitan can sit back in their easy chairs and smile at the unsolicited advance advertising which their single novelty in English for next season is receiving.

* * *

The Sheep and the Goats Now that the motion picture has become so large a factor in amusements something should be done to separate the sheep from the goats. Managers of the legitimate stage should see that there is no confusion in the public mind regarding theatre advertising. As it is now there is no line drawn between real and reel drama. Glancing at the advertising columns of the daily newspapers one often has to guess at the nature of the performance and many of the advertisements are decidedly misleading. For instance, seeing the announcement that Edna May is to be seen at the Fulton in "'Salvation Joan,' prices 25, 50 and $1," naturally leads the stranger to believe that Miss May is to be seen at that house in the flesh. There is nothing in the advertisement to indicate that it is merely a moving picture, and nearly all the motion picture houses are making their announcements in the same way. It is confusing to the public and prejudicial to legitimate attractions. Moving pictures should be classed under a distinct head of their own, and not thrown promiscuously among the announcements of the regular theatres.

* * *

A Clever Comedian With the death of George Richards the other day, the roster of living actors in the once famous Hoyt farce-comedies is again reduced. Richards was a good comedian. He was the original landlord in Hoyt's first skit, "A Bunch of Keys," and afterward was the stranger in "A Hole in the Ground." The scene of this farce was a country railroad station. Flora Walsh, Hoyt's first wife, played the lunch counter girl, and Julian Mitchell, who later produced all the Weberfields musical comedies in their famous music hall, was the never-to-be-forgotten hobo. Among the few former Hoyt actors who have since become stars, and who still survive, may be recalled Maude Adams, who was the pretty school teacher in "A Midnight Bell"; Frank Daniels, whom "A Rag Baby" brought into prominence; Harry Conor, the leading comedian in "A Trip to Chinatown" during its two years' run in New York, and Tim Murphy, who, as the Senator in "A Texas Steer," did what many consider the best work of his career. There are others, but considering the thousands employed during the Hoyt vogue, the number whose names are well known now is comparatively small.

* * *

At It Again Tapping the wires to Los Angeles we hear that vice, not war, is now engaging the attention of D. W. Griffith, who is turning his profits from "The Birth of a Nation" into a veritable cinema encyclopedia of human frailty, beginning with the career of Eve and the serpent. Of course there is to be a story and a moral lesson, along with a spectacular shattering of the Ten Commandments. No, Mr. Griffith does not believe in censorship.

* * *

On and Off Stage Way back in the days of "Fantana," Julia Sanderson acquired the habit of falling in love with army or navy men as conceived by tenor-actors. Each new play, even down to the recent "Sybil," brought another uniformed lover, and now, making fact consistent with fiction, she has become the bride of Lieutenant Bradford Barnette, U. S. N.

* * *

Early Season Likely At the present time New York City is crowded, and that, too, in spite of a weather condition quite intolerable. It will not be surprising to see the new theatrical season open very early as hotel keepers all predict a big influx of visitors this summer to the metropolis, as there is nowhere else to go—no Europe, no California Exposition to attract that great contingent that must always go somewhere.

* * *

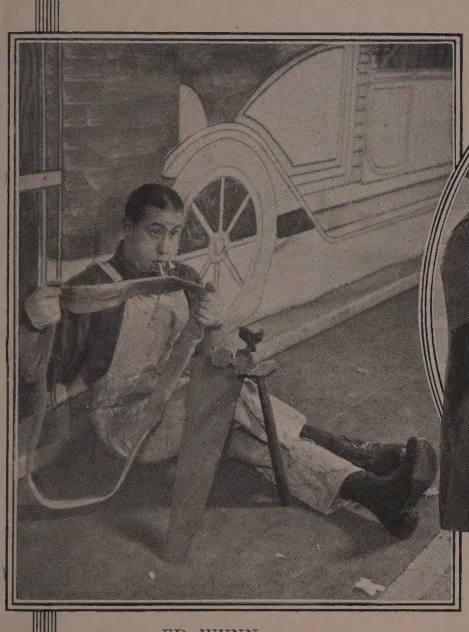
The One-Act Play It often takes quite a little experimental work to demonstrate to the public just what it really wants. But the indications at present are that the one-act play has become a vital factor in the make-up of theatrical programs. If the Princess Players failed it was either that they were ahead of their time or had an ill-conceived view as to what the characteristics of a one-act play should be. Many believe the latter was the real trouble. The Washington Square Players, semi-professionals though they be, have proved that the public likes and will patronize a multiple bill.

* * *

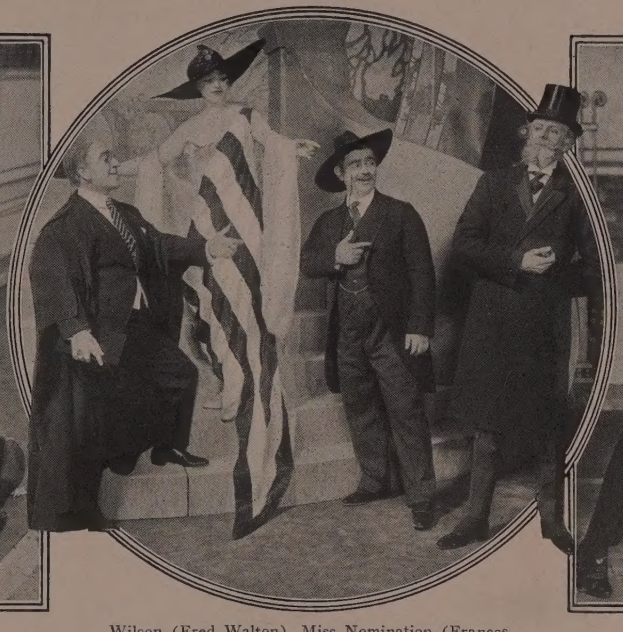
Consider this Late Diners Everyone recognizes that the good short story is one of the most difficult literary accomplishments. The effective one-act play is an equally difficult achievement. Its very condensation requires the nicest technic for effectual development. As an acting medium it appeals to players. It is showy and by its very essence—if good—must grip. The Washington Square players deserve success; while the one-act play shall find its way into many a regular bill as a curtain raiser. It would save many a piece, excellent in itself, that has been killed because the material there was too tenuous for an entire program. Wouldn't such a general innovation help, too, as it does in London? Late diners would be accommodated and their rude and late interruptions would no longer spoil the interest and tempers of those who love drama for the thing itself, and who get to the theatre in time to see the curtain go up.

Photos White

THE CAVALRY CHARGE



ED WYNN



Wilson (Fred Walton), Miss Nomination (Frances Demarest), Roosevelt (William H. Philbrick), and Hughes (Andrew Harper)

SARANOFF AND RUTH RANDALL

STEWART JACKSON, RUTH RANDALL, AND OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL GIRLS AND BOYS

SCENES IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1916" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

White

Margaret Mayo, the well-known playwright, resting at her country home, after helping to make the Allied Bazaar a huge success

Player Folk in Summer Settings

DREAM LAKE is the summer home of Margaret Illington. For some seasons Margaret Mayo has been urging Miss Illington to buy a home near the Selwyn place on the Hudson at Harmon. Miss Illington visited the home of her manager and admired it in the most flattering way. It was a charming home, but there was no lake on the premises, and a country home without a lake failed to appeal to the soul of an actress born on the shores of Lake Michigan. A little way back in the country was a site where grew the finest oak trees and the most patriarchal elms in the county, and besides these splendid trees were what Lowell calls "whole brotherhoods of cedars," green and majestic standing sentinel over a wee brook. Miss Illington's gaze fell upon the spot and saw that it was good. "It was only a matter of a few tons of cement to build a dam," she says, when guests gasp at the beauty of Dream Lake, "and the lake is a visualized reality."

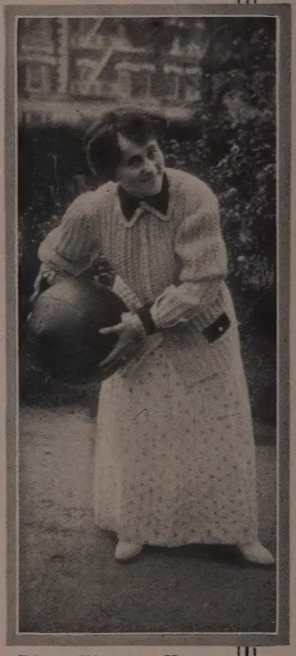
JUST across Dream Lake is the Selwyn home, where Margaret Mayo rests after doing more than her share to make the Allies' Bazaar a million dollar success. And hush, the birds that twitter in the Selwyn maples and the Illington elms, are disclosing a secret that has to do with a new play that Miss Mayo, who wrote "Baby Mine," "Twin Beds," and other farces, will launch shortly as her most serious dramatic effort. And when you learn the title of the emotional drama by Margaret Mayo, you must not be surprised to see linked with Miss Mayo's name that of the chatelaine of Dream Lake as the star of the new piece.

BUT Miss Mayo and Miss Illington by no means have Westchester County to themselves. "A piece up the road," as they say in Ossining, is Blanche Bates' large estate, which still bears the name by which it was known almost two hundred years ago, "the Ira Bailey farm." Along toward Crotona James Forbes owns a very beautiful place where all the natural loveliness of the Ramapo Hills and the Hudson Valley meet in Oscawana. Blanche Ring is just across the county, at Mamaroneck, and Jack Gardner and Louise Dresser own a home near by. William Courtenay and Virginia Harned Courtenay have a beautiful place at Harrison, where their neighbors are Marion Abbott, the Ralph Kellards, Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor.

MITZI HAJOS has built herself a bungalow according to her own Hungarian ideas of what a genuine pilaff-goulash—one-act cottagette should be. Before beginning the construction of her bungalow ("Palazzo Paprika" she calls it) Miss Mitzi built a fence about the premises. "I had to have a fence to sit on while I stage-managed the carpenters, masons and other members of the musicians' union who charged overtime for building my palazzo, didn't I?" says Mitzi.

LITTLE Edna Hopper, who has been doing mysterious movie stunts during the past few months, is recuperating in Westchester County, where her constant companion is the beauty building medicine ball, which she whirls through space with unexampled grace and skill.

Mitzi Hajos enjoying a refreshing ice cream cone like any ordinary being

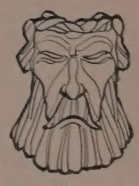


Edna Wallace Hopper finds recreation in tossing a medicine ball

Underwood & Underwood

Margaret Illington at Dream Lake

SHOULD THE THEATRE GIVE ITSELF AWAY?



Cherished illusions of the stage completely shattered by the new policy of letting the public into behind-the-scenes secrets.

By ALAN DALE

WHEN the stage starts to give away its own secrets, I suppose it is a sign that it no longer considers those secrets worth guarding. They have been "worked" for their full value, and the apparent assumption is that they may as well be exploded for the meek price of a laugh. At least that seems to be the inevitable conclusion. A London critic thought James Forbes' play "The Show Shop" very amusing, but was of the opinion that it displayed the theatre in a state of being far too much occupied with itself. And I cannot think that he was wrong.

I am bound to confess that "The Show Shop" amused me immensely—more than any farce that I have seen in a long while—but perhaps if I had owned the illusions with which I started my career of theatre-going I should have felt less happy. If a writer or an artist attempted to give himself away; if a conjurer explained his tricks, and showed how cheap they were; if a politician bared his secrets to the public; if a physician laughed at his own ruses, or a lawyer grew merry at the recital of his pettifogging records, we should be of the opinion that these gentlemen had no further axes to grind, that they were weary of their own existence, and that they were making a clean breast of it all for the sake of a new and worthier effort.

Why, after all, should it be otherwise with the theatre? How can it afford to chuckle at its own eccentricities one season and then ask us seriously to contemplate its illusions the next?

THE truth is that the theatre has abandoned all its pretenses at illusion and much of the trouble that it has experienced in the last few years is undoubtedly due to that fact. It is as mechanical as the movies and far more transparent. As yet the films have not begun to explain themselves, or to laugh at their own dexterities. They are too busy attempting effects, earnestly endeavoring to make new appeals, and uttering bombastic promises such as the theatre used to utter in the days of its sincerity. Nor are the movies as conceited as the legitimate theatre. They do not take it for granted that the general public will be overweeningly interested in knowing how everything is done.

Of course it *is* very funny to realize that the curtain calls are all carefully rehearsed; that the emotion of the star is all cleverly simulated; that the managers are abnormally human, and that other events, usually looked upon with awe, are really all calculated almost mathematically. Such candor on the part of playwrights must make some sort of an appeal to the "jaded."

The "jaded" ones are, of course, the critics, and those who write about the theatre. The general public is never jaded, and the idea that theatre-goers are particularly entertained by this sort of exploitation is fallacious. The jargon of the "profession," and the deceptions practised by it, have no part in the public's enjoyment. First of all is the "illusion" of the theatre, and its death, or at least its complete demoralization occurs as soon as that illusion is definitely shattered.

DO you remember the good old "storm" effects? They used to thrill me, in spite of myself. The thunder and the lightning were more terrifying than the real thing. With the darkened stage and the roar of the elements, I used to watch that poor old heroine trot forth into the night, with her persistently unborn child, and melodrama clutched me vigorously. The wonder of a well-regulated stage storm held me for years, and the illusion was complete.

Came the day when "Zaza" was produced with tremendous success. In that play, we were carefully shown exactly how the effects of the storm were managed, and the instruments with which they were brought about were actually displayed upon the stage. We heard the storm, as we viewed with our own eyes the methods of its elaboration. That was the end of my interest in stage storms. Naturally I had known that they were produced by some clever mechanism, but I had never been initiated into its mysteries before that time. It was very instructive, of course, and at that particular period it was novel—I think that the "press-agent" of that day called it "new and novel." But once and for all, it absolutely shattered the illusion of the storm for me. Now when the elements rage, and the sweet gell rushes out into them, in her maternity cape, I see before me the revelations made by "Zaza," and the effect of it all is hopelessly ruined.

If this can have such an influence upon a callous theatre-goer like yours truly, what must it exert upon the average men and women in an audience? They may smile at it all, and feel rather important as they realize that at last they have exploded the stage myth, but their marvel has been lost, and the goose that laid the golden eggs lies dead at their feet, killed by the ruthless stage producer who has no regard for the future. In Mr. Forbes' play that did not live very long in the English metropolis, everything was really very good-natured, and free from the slightest malice, but I imagine that the very people who laughed at it, were those who suffered the greatest injury to their illusions.

From the Illustrated London News

ONE OF THE THEATRE'S BEST KEPT SECRETS

How the Rhine maidens "swim" in "Rhinegold." The new method at Covent Garden provides the girls with stirrups and saddles on which they stand and rest. Each swimming device is suspended from a piano wire. The movements are determined by a director who takes his cue from the orchestral score.

YOU may say that we have no illusions; that we are too sophisticated to indulge in such ingenuousness; that we are now perfectly willing to turn into derision the things that at one time were almost sacred to us. If we are all that—and I don't admit that we are—it is due to managerial recklessness, and to the "get-rich-quick" policy that has the interests of the one moment only at heart.

Perhaps the stage illusion with respect to woman has been the strongest, and the one to endure most potently. You see, it is immediately concerned with the matter of sex, which is insistently vital. Yet in the last two seasons, every effort has been made to batter this most necessary illusion.

We have seen the lovely girls, who formerly inflamed our imaginations and sent us from the theatre impressed in spite of ourselves, in all their garish uncomeliness. They have paraded over our heads, across the very seats in which we sat, and we have been made to realize that they were poor raddled, rouged things, tired from incessant rehearsal, and scarcely able even to smile at us as it was intended that they should do. We could view the stitches in their garments, the fibre of their stockings, and the texture of their wigs!

Once in the far distance, they were enchanted maidens, weaving spells around us, fantastic and unrealizable. We loved to gaze upon them, and to imagine that they were favored beings of a beautiful purple realm, not on the map. Distance lends enchantment, of course, as it always does. Distance is one of the theatre's most valued assets. A fig for the "intimate" theatres in which stage and audience are as one unhappy family! The wide spaces, the unexplored reaches, and the domain of the unattainable, are the precious illusions of the theatre.

THE "novelty" of seeing all these maidens in an auditorium, close at hand, and within hailing distance may have had, and probably did have an ephemeral value, but the ultimate fate of it all was disillusion of a very vivid kind—disillusion that must stay until a new generation arises, as new generations are fond of doing, at stated intervals, I believe. In one show that I saw recently, the pretty maidens threw yarn to the "gentlemen" in the audience, and waited patiently while they wound it, smirking, smiling and "goo-goo-ing."

All of which was, of course, perfectly harmless, and merely another nail in the head of illusion. As soon as the people of the stage become part of the audience, their charm has gone! They are as completely without illusion as the

SCENES in "GLORIA'S ROMANCE"

Billie Burke as star in a photoplay novel written by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes and presented by George Kleine

Billie Burke as Gloria Stafford

© George Kleine
Gloria announcing her engagement to Richard Frenau to her father

Gloria and her father at the Opera. It is between the acts and the music has lulled Stafford to sleep.

Frenau gives Gloria a pearl necklace before leaving on a business trip

Gloria pleads with her father to be allowed to see her lover

Gloria, in mourning for her lover, goes to his office in search of evidence

Gloria reads of Frenau's murder

Gloria coaxes her father into taking her to Florida. Her brother and Dr. Royce are interested spectators

Gloria plays with the little boy who she has adopted and delights him with many toys

Gloria, a prisoner on the barge owned by Frenau's murderer, threatens her captor with a hot poker

bedizened first-nighters, and not nearly as well-groomed! Callow youths and tired business men are supposed to look upon this sort of thing as "the life." It pleases them to believe that they are sampling the glories of existence behind the scenes—just as though that existence had any glory! Those who "see New York" are particularly interested. They go back to Oshkosh or to Skowhegan, and tell of the wonderful time they had in Manhattan with real chorus girls at their beck and call. Sometimes as a novelty, members of the cast of a play are shown sitting in the boxes of the auditorium, or running down the aisles of the theatre, or pretending that they *were* the audience, and this too, is complete disillusion.

THE slaughter of the goose that lays the golden eggs, knows no limitations. It seems to be the only thing left to the demoralized playwright, and the manager craving some sort of "sensation." It plays havoc with the mystery of the theatre, and with all its wonderful fantasy. Men have labored for ages to build up this illusion, and it used to be magnificent, but the work of these builders is now being ruthlessly destroyed by "rubber-neck" playwrights who have scant regard for the stage, as an art.

I am sorry to say—truly sorry—that a good deal of the illusion of the theatre is being monopolized by the pictures. We see great effects, but we are not immediately told how these were produced. We view tremendous events that look like the real thing, and the charm of them is that we have no idea how they are obtained. Some of them seem impossible to realize, and we go home with our imagination in a ferment. Those were the happy days of the theatre, when we pondered over the illusions presented, and read no press-agent's carefully worded and destructive explanation.

THE theatre being illusion, and relying upon illusion, why try to rob it of its own excuse for existence? It seems so illogical, and so reasonless. Once departed, an illusion never returns. All the king's horses, and all the king's men, cannot restore it. There is no particular reason nowadays, why favored members of the audience should not be permitted to occupy seats upon the stage, in the wings, and view the performance from that vantage ground. The idea may yet be put into effect, and extra prices charged for the privilege. If no manager has yet thought of this, I offer him the idea gratis, and I shall not ask for a "line on the program."

Certain first-nighters, invariably chronicled as "among those present" would look very neat and pleasant, as they sat on the stage in their expensive seats, actively on exhibition, as they would probably love to be. Box parties, transferred to the stage, would attract considerable attention, which I take it, is the prime intention of all that is done in the theatre to-day. Mr. "Diamond" Jim Brady, and the Princess What's-Her-Name, arrayed in all the glories of Solomon, might effectively be utilized by the management, especially as these worthy first-nighters receive nearly as much newspaper notice as the play itself. Certain first-nighters would upholster a stage very well indeed, and as the actors themselves now invade the auditorium, I don't see why the non-actors should not invade the stage, do you? And the unemployed actors themselves—why not put them in the wings? They are usually so gorgeously conspicuous, and so flamboyantly appreciative, that it is a pity they are not part of the stage display.

AS long as the illusion of the theatre is shattered, it might just as well be shattered defiantly, and spectacularly. I think it would be an excellent idea if the pictorial first-nighters—those of whom we read so frequently—were allowed to troop across a "runway" from the back of the theatre to the stage. This would really be much more enjoyable than a cut-and-dried orchestra, or a set of Belasco chimes. How lovely to watch the procession on its way to the footlights, and to realize that all those who should be present, were present. All really important people—well-known wine-touts, popular skin specialists, and above all, dressmakers, could be seen and labelled, just as the figures in Madame Tussaud's waxworks, are labelled. The principal participants in famous murder

ALICE TAAFE

Some Pretty Girls in "Civilization" at the Criterion

GRACE GORDON

MARY McKIVOR

Photos Witzel ALICE JERGENS

trials, or sensational divorce cases, or highly headlined campaign issues, could be utilized in this way, as supreme adjuncts to the gossipy interest of the moment. Better this, than the violation of the mystery of the actors themselves, by their exhibition in the auditorium. All the people we talk about, from Lydia Pinkham to Theodore Roosevelt, could be used by the wily manager, and with less harm to his cause than his present tactics offer. Then, when the eventful entr'acte sets in, the sight of celebrities sitting on the stage would remove the necessity for reading the awful programs, which are disillusion in its rawest state.

National PEGGY HYLAND
Leading woman for E. H. Sothern in the films (Vitagraph)

The theatre program ravishes us from all thoughts of the play by its discursive commercialism. You have perhaps been artistically interested in the emotions of the star, who at the close of the act, has interrogation-marked some vivid situation. When the curtain falls, and you turn to your program, which might consistently be expected to be a white reverent thing, telling you, reluctantly, as it were, of the woman whose work you have enjoyed, you see that she wears a particular brand of corsets, the merits of which are ecstatically praised. You read of mustard plasters that "will not blister the most delicate skin"; you are plaintively implored to perfume your breath, and harden your gums, by means of a certain condiment the purveyor of which "advertises" on the sheet. You are informed where you can buy teeth without plates, where you can savor the delights of game, terrapin, shellfish, salads, and chops. The program insists upon believing that you suffer from "blotches, pimples and blackheads," and that you have actually come to the theatre to know how you can rid yourself of them. Headache, sciatica, pains in the chest and stomach, gouty ailments and neuralgia, are all evidently considered as a sort of epilogue to the play. As for all the suppers you may buy, and all the cabaret performances you may endure, and all the dance places at which you may exercise your poor old limbs—there is no limit to the information supplied by the theatre program.

SO when the play starts again, some of your carefully acquired illusion has vanished. You cannot quite free yourself from the idea that the star's svelte figure is the result of the splendid corsets that you have imaginatively realized during the entr'acte.

Illusion is so delicate a thing that it can vanish before you even realize it. One breath, and it is gone. Of course, it is not necessary to read theatre programs, but some entr'actes are tediously prolonged, and one turns in sheer weariness, to any sort of relaxation. Naturally, this is where the theatre program comes in, and where it knows it comes in. One reads it helplessly, and almost unconsciously. It distracts one's attention, but unfortunately it is frequently injurious to thoughts that the play itself has conjured up. Even in London, where they charge sixpence for a theatre program, they cannot resist the commercial delight of utilizing its possibilities. Imagine paying sixpence for information on the poetic subject of "blackheads" and blotches. That is rubbing it in with a vengeance.

That is another brave feature of the movies—there are no programs. You see what you have to see, and there is no effort to wean your attention from it all. I don't say that this is due to the artistic intention of the pictures. I am sure it is not. As soon as programs can be introduced, they probably will be, and with all the theatre's advertising mania. Just at present, the films are very young, and quite ingenuous, and are too concerned with making headway to bother about other things. Their unhappy day will dawn, and their invasion of the realm of illusion will assuredly take place, for their projectors are of slighter literary value than the managers of theatres have proved to be.

© Dupont VALLI VALLI
Who appeared lately in "The Cohan Revue, 1916"

WHAT we are permitted to know about actors and actresses, hurts at times, but is, I suppose, inevitable, and is perhaps—if you can look at it in that way—a compliment to their "art." That we should want details of their private lives indicates a supreme interest in their work. But it is also destructive of illusion. The *ingénue* who has a grown-up son, rather militates against her assumption of white-muslin girlhood. The heroine of an emotional play, dealing perhaps with race suicide, is not materially aided by the fact that we have seen in the Sunday papers pictures of her four wonderful children. The hero who is a grandfather seems a bit out of place in the rôle of a perfervid lover, when we happen to have seen sketches of him in a magazine with his pet grandchild on his emotional knee. The ideal husband in a comedy of matrimonial charm, must lose a certain interest when we have been reading his love letters in his recent divorce case.

I know that all this is popularly supposed to add to the value of the actor, and the work of the press-agent is concerned with just this kind of exploitation. But surely it robs the theatre of its mystery; it cheapens the appeal of its people, and it is rude, vulgar, and irrelevant. It is as though we were weary of the sincerity of it all and were willing to turn to any issue for distraction.

That is why the small theatres that crop up in unexplored neighborhoods appear to interest us. Here we go for novelty, for surcease from all the expensively advertised people, for something more than the (*Continued on page* 96)

National LEA LELAND
Seen recently in "Everywoman" and now in photoplays

From Carmen to Cookery

Marie Tempest Talks of Yesterdays and Todays in the Mimic World

By HELEN TEN BROECK

FROM comic opera to musical comedy, then to grand opera and back again; and after that a complete right about into comedy and the emotional drama. That was Marie Tempest's versatile record before she shared stellar honors in an all-star revival of Haddon Chambers rewritten idyll, "The Idler," which rewritten and renamed "The Great Pursuit" had a brief and fitful career last autumn. After that—but let Miss Tempest tell the story.

A WARM summer rain was pouring in a windy fury down upon Maxine Elliott's Theatre, as the star of "A Lady's Name" accomplished the impossible and did three things at once. For so versatile and so ambidextrous, if I may use the phrase, is that comedienne, that she chatted with THE THEATRE, without interfering in the least with the delicate occupation of making up her features with one hand while she greeted a pretty actress and enjoyed a before-the-matinée cigarette with the other.

"I heard you sing 'Carmen' in Boston," I said by way of breaking the ice and establishing ill feeling at once. For Miss Tempest loathes the memory of her brief fling with Bizet and Prosper Merimée a round dozen or so of years ago.

"Croquemort!" she cried. Of course, one scarcely likes to be called a defiler of graves, but I bore the epithet as well as I could and asked Miss Tempest why she forsook music for the spoken drama. Just a touch of powder gave a saucy tilt to the Tempest nose, and the actress carefully placed the big pink puff in its ivory box.

FORSOOK? forsook?" she repeated, musingly. "You don't 'forsake' yesterday when you begin to-day. Music was yesterday, in my work, and the acting drama is to-day. Singing was a part of my preparation for becoming an actress, and if I could induce every young woman who is consumed with ambition for the stage to learn to sing and to practice her art as a part of her preparation for the legitimate drama, I should feel that I had accomplished a finer thing for the theatre than all the schools of acting in the country could hope to achieve by their sternest curriculum."

A hint more of powder on that artless, that arch, that expressive Irish nose, and Miss Tempest (again replacing the downy puff neatly in its box) continued.

THERE is nothing like singing for giving a woman poise. Nothing like it for correcting a faulty diction or improving a good enunciation of her language. As people grow more and more in the habit of an applied psychology, the value of breathing—whether you call it Yogi breathing or refer to it in veiled and mysterious terms as an exercise having something very fundamental to do with the solar plexus, or whether you simply are a sane, sensible person trying to do your best with that equipment which it has pleased heaven to bestow upon you, you place more and more emphasis upon the value of proper breathing.

White

MARIE TEMPEST
in "A Lady's Name" recently at the Maxine Elliott Theatre

"Were all actresses drilled in the fundamentals of singing—of which breathing is the first and final element—we should hear no gasping, panting, stumbling readings of the lines of Shakespeare, for example. Have you not again and again been afflicted with agonies in listening to young actresses who can't, to save their immortal souls, phrase a single line of Shakespearean verse without a shortness of breath that robs the divine cadence of its melody and its meaning? That's because the poor girl has never learned to phrase in singing.

"Show me an actress whose diction is like that of the good little girl in the fairy tale from whose lips fell pearls and diamonds, and I will show you an actress who learned to sing before she learned to act. Show me one——"

MISS TEMPEST'S heated eloquence had shaken her prettily arranged hair out of place, and she paused for a moment to pat her marcel waves into shape again, and to light another soothing cigarette before she finished her uncompleted challenge.

"Show me an actress from whose lips in slovenly syllables fall sentences as ugly as the toads and scorpions of the other fairy in the same story, and I will show you a girl whose yesterdays were not spent in song.

"With us in England the list of actresses whose diction is beautiful because of a training in comic opera is a brilliant one. Not very long, but brilliant. Here to-day you have our Constance Collier who graduated from the Gaiety Theatre, and little Billie Burke who phrases and pronounces her lines with a clearness and precision learned during her novitiate in musical comedy.

"On the French stage there's Jeanne Granier, Jane Hading and Mme. Réjane, each of whom speaks her language with classic purity and charm because of her faculty for pure diction acquired in singing. So that I feel that my good long yesterdays as a prima donna were something of a preparation for to-day's acting."

Again the refractory waves of Miss Tempest's hair demanded her attention and I filled up the hiatus in her speech by asking if she enjoyed the reward of acting as much as the double triumph that comes to a prima donna.

"More," she cried, emphatically, "much more. A voice, since you credit me with having one—a voice is always a tyranny. It registers each mood, it reflects each emotion of a singer. If something goes wrong with the scenery or your entrance isn't a success, your throat dries up, and all the art, all the knowledge, all the will power you possess won't control the wicked little vocal cords that refuse to obey your orders and produce the effect you want them to accomplish. And such a dreadful trick as voices have of getting out of order, too. If you neglect your work for a few weeks—or even for a few days—back you must go, as Melba says, "to pap,' and sing scales and do breathing exercises and the very first fundamentals of voice training before that tyrannical gift is at its best again. No, indeed, I am not sorry that my operatic 'yesterday' has 'passed into the limbo of things forgot.'"

OF course you will not believe me when I tell you that a dreamy softness crept into Miss Tempest's eyes as she paused for a moment. The Tempest eyes are so full of mirth, so dancing with continuous laughter, that it is rather a shock to speak the word "dreamy" in connection with the sparkling orbs that light her piquant face. But dreamy (*Continued on page* 96)

THE QUAKER GIRL A STAR IN "THE FOLLIES"

Ina Claire whose refinement and artistry have won for her the centre of the stage

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE

WHEN Ina Claire was first engaged for the "Follies" last year there was general dissatisfaction among those long connected with Mr. Ziegfeld and his big show. It was said that she did not have "speed" enough, was too refined, lacked the necessary "pep." When, however, the "Follies of 1915" opened in the New Amsterdam Ina Claire scored the one big hit of the show. Her gentleness, refinement and real artistry won its way to the centre of the stage. So it was little wonder that Mr. Ziegfeld should have re-engaged Miss Claire for the current "Follies," in which she again walks off with chief honors. Her imitations of Jane Cowl, Mrs. Castle and especially of Geraldine Farrar, and her freezing of "The Great Lover" give just the right touch to the show.

IMITATION on the stage need not necessarily be 'the sincerest form of flattery,'" says Miss Claire. "The point is to bring out, if possible, the characteristics of those imitated in such a way as to suggest their methods and not only to give their mannerisms. In many cases I never have seen those I give imitations of on the stage. I had not seen Frances Starr in 'Marie-Odile,' for instance—in fact, I never saw Miss Starr in my life! How do I succeed with them? I can only say that it all comes to me subconsciously. I get an idea about the part a player is acting and see a photograph of the particular person in the character, and before I know it I am doing the same thing in a small way. It is all very curious.

"I suppose it all came about most naturally for me to do imitations this way, since as a little girl I recall how I would study the pictures of the characters in my fairy books and then start in to 'live' them. Mother always said that I would become an actress, and she encouraged me. Even now I live in an imaginary fairyland when creating my imitations—for they are creations, I insist. I dislike that word 'imitations,' but what other word can I use?"

© Ira L. Hill

A PRIVATE PORTRAIT OF INA CLAIRE

TO Ina Claire, who won her spurs as the daintiest of musical comedy stars in "The Quaker Girl," belongs the unique distinction of being the youngest actress ever selected for the position of leading woman at George Edwardes' Gaiety Theatre, London. That is the little playhouse which for many years set the style for the world in the matter of musical comedy, and it was from that cosy and intimate little theatre that George Edwardes sent to New York and to Paris and to Berlin and to Melbourne and to Capetown those frothy musical shows, with pretty girls, tingling scores, jingling lyrics and irresistibly funny librettos that soon won great popularity.

The position of leading woman at this theatre always was a coveted one. Hence it was remarkable that the actress and singer chosen to head the Gaiety cast four years ago should have been a girl but nineteen years of age, who had been on the stage for only a few years and had been a featured player for but little over a season. Miss Claire was the girl, chosen for this enviable post before she had reached her twentieth birthday.

IT was only a trifle over seven years ago that a New York vaudeville manager gave the then fifteen-year-old Washington girl a chance to sing and dance and recite in "one" (as the little space before the footlights, where the single turn is done, is termed), and only four years ago did Miss Claire, then appearing in "The Quaker Girl," see her name displayed in big type in the newspaper advertisements and billboards, and blazing forth in large bright letters on the electric signs of the theatres.

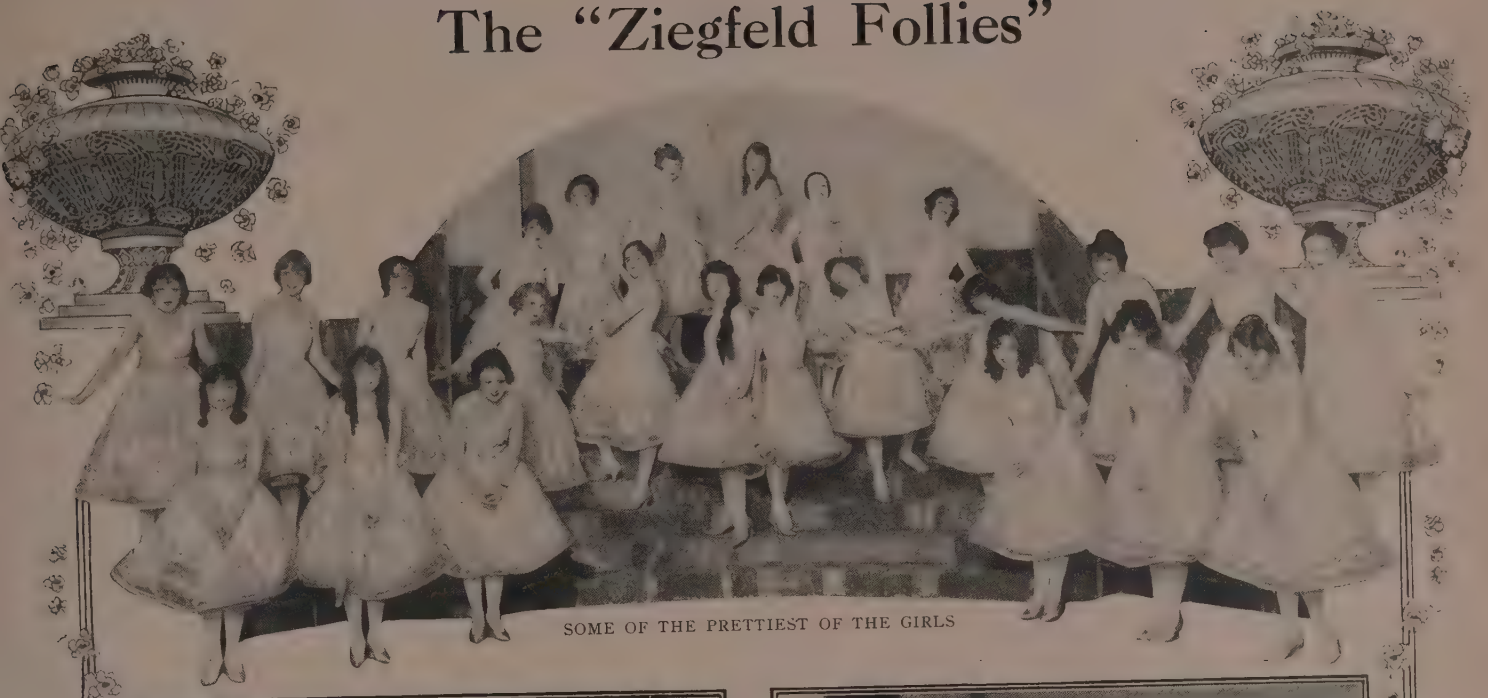
Miss Claire was born in Washington. Her mother, who has been her persistent tutor and adviser, early took the notion that Ina would some day do big things in the footlight world and has constantly devoted every energy toward shaping those talents in her little girl which would one day place her name in the theatrical hall of fame, and consequently the young girl was given parts in many amateur entertainments and gradually grew to be an expert and clever dancer, while her knowledge of the art of mimicry was pronounced marvelous by those who saw her imitate the people about her. When Miss Claire was fifteen she was already experienced, and her mother brought her to New York and began the wearisome round of theatrical agencies. Finally, her chance came in vaudeville. Just at this time Harry Lauder was the reigning sensation of Broadway. Miss Claire saw him and was struck immediately with the idea of putting on an imitation of him in her act. Her success in this was instantaneous. Vaudeville to the ingénue rôle in "Jumping Jupiter," with Richard Carle, to the Folies Bergères, under the Harris régime, to "The Quaker Girl," to the Winter Garden, to the London Gaiety were the steps that have taken Miss Claire to her present position as the bright particular star in the Ziegfeld Follies.

From $40 a week to more than $1,000 a week, which amount Miss Claire receives to-day, is little short of sensational. Indeed, she had all she could do to keep from getting entangled up in vaudeville contracts at considerably more than this amount that would keep her in the two-a-day year in and year out.

THE minute an actress makes a hit in a certain part here," Miss Claire said in her dressing room at the New Amsterdam Theatre, "the managers want to keep you in just the same kind of a part right along. If they do not do this, they give you a new part and expect you to go through with it all by yourself, without any aid from the stage manager. They seem to think that having once made good you always will, without further drilling in a new rôle, or even suggestions from the stage manager as to how to play a new part. In England, it is different. There the players are continually trained and coached in every part they assume.

Persons in the public eye should keep out of Ina Claire's sight. No matter where she is, Miss Claire studies the mannerisms of the persons she sees—in the street, in the hotels, everywhere. Watch out for Ina Claire or she'll "get" you!

The "Ziegfeld Follies"



SOME OF THE PRETTIEST OF THE GIRLS

Don Barclay and Fannie Brice

William Rock and Frances White

Ann Pennington as a Hula dancer

Carl Randall and Emma Haig

Photos White

White

GENEVIEVE HAMPER

BEAUTIFUL Genevieve Hamper"—so her audiences designate her who in private life is Mrs. Robert Mantell. None of the younger players has crowded into a few years a more extended experience. Miss Hamper became leading woman for her distinguished husband soon after their marriage. Thus she formed intimate acquaintance with the chief ladies in the Shakespearean galaxy. Succumbing to the ever strengthening lure of "pictures" Mr. and Mrs. Mantell figured recently upon the screen in the leading rôles of "The Unfaithful Wife." They accepted Margaret Anglin's invitation to assist her in the presentation of the out-of-doors "As You Like It," with one thousand persons in the cast in St. Louis, in June.

Stage Beauty in Breeches

by PERRITON MAXWELL

© Triangle
BILLIE BURKE
In the photoplay, "Peggy"

White
MARGUERITE CLARK
In "Are You a Crook?"

Otto Sarony MAUDE ADAMS
As Peter Pan

(Left)
MARY PICKFORD
In the film "Poor Little Peppina"

(Right)
EMMA TRENTINI
In "The Firefly"

WHAT is the true relationship of pants to the drama? Why have breeches been ignored in every history of the stage while cloak and cap have been glorified?

Is the gentle pantaloon less important as a factor of the art histrionic than other personal "props"; the bifurcated nether garment less worthy of consideration than tinsel crown and painted sceptre?

Here are questions which open up a vast new field of inquiry; questions which throb with human interest, which lead us all the way from Shakespeare's thrice-blessed Avon to George Cohan's cave-topped Broadway, from the morality plays of the middle ages to the immorality plays of the movies.

WHAT is the proper status of trousers in the articulate drama? Frankly, I don't know. Does anyone? But who can think of Lord Dundreary without vizualizing his pantaloons? Or to take an immediate instance, Charlie Chaplin minus the clown's-cut of his too generous pants? Just the same, one could contrive to forget this woeful neglect of what our grandmothers called "inexpressibles," if the breeched loveliness of the stage had not also been skipped, slurred and unheeded by dramatic historians. Such oversight, or ignorance, or both, is inexcusable, if not downright criminal and, in my modest way, I want to rectify the great slight, to record in an all too sketchy way, the dynamic beauty of breeches as seen before the footlights loosely shielding the gracious figures of contemporary heroines, adding a two-fold interest to their play of tears and laughter, hinting at though not always successfully hiding the rippling contours of their inner selves.

NOT to go back too far into the pantalooned past, consider Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon." We had been prepared by the previous appearance of the Divine Sarah, for the exhibition of breeched limbs demanded by the impersonation of Rostand's boy. We were not prepared, however, for the picture of consummate grace given us by Miss Adams when she first stepped forth in the guise of Napoleon's heir. Maude Adams in "shorts" was a newer, more fascinating Maude Adams. "Lady Babbie" in "The Little Minister" was a lovable hoydon in abbreviated skirts; "Juliet" was little more than a charming woman oversilked, overbrocaded, overcorseted, with very little of Maude Adams; as the chief figure in "Quality Street" the actress was swamped in the impossible hoops of the play's period—a face and a pair of hands uncertainly attached to an inflated half-balloon. No woman can make a crinoline skirt look graceful to the modern eye; not even Maude Adams. But as the Eaglet we saw for the first time, the shapely actress in the frank costume of a breeched and limb-free boy. Miss Adams had registered a pair of breeches on the record of contemporary art, immortalized short pants in American histrionics.

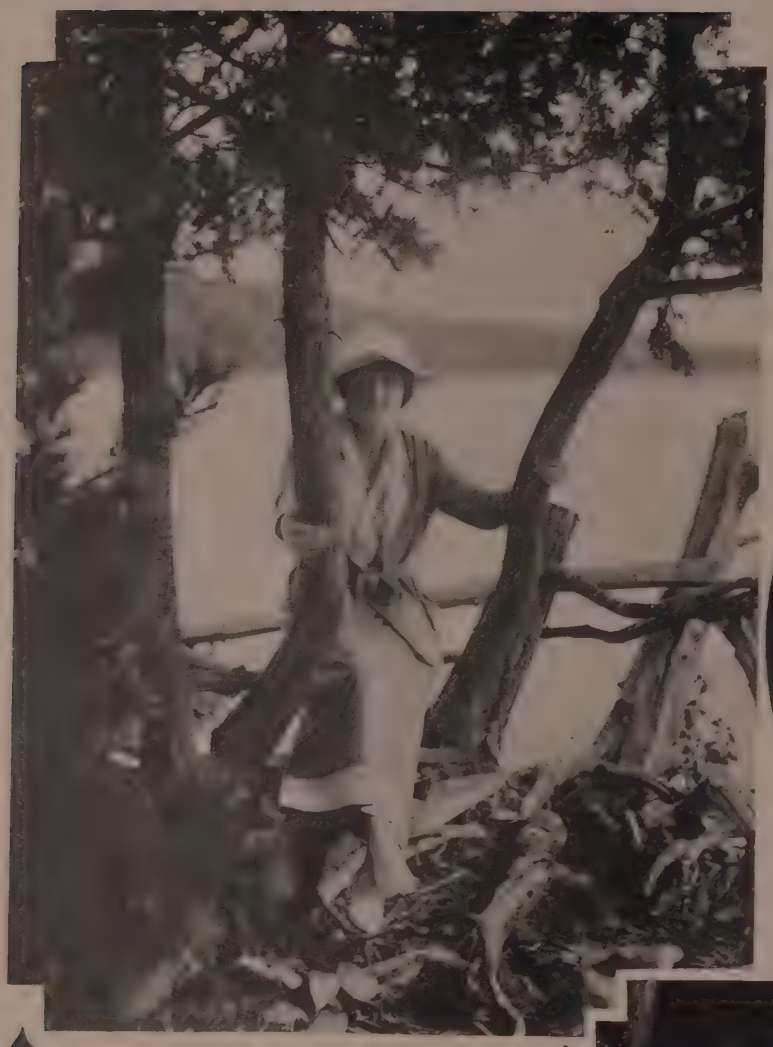
From the candid clothing of "L'Aiglon" to the close-fitting knickers of "Peter Pan" was, one fancies, an easy step for Miss Adams to take. Could Peter have been dressed in any other fashion than the emerald-leafed jacket and breeches of Barrie's fancy? The tights of Rosalind would have been too theatric, tunic and "smalls" would have utterly missed the fresh boyishness of the character; only breeches are conceivable for "Peter Pan" and only Maude Adams in his breeches could be convincing. Had she never attained a greater height than her impersonation of "the boy who wouldn't grow up," Miss Adams could rest on her laurels, on her breeches if you like, as the deathless lad of the Scotch dramatist's invention.

White
MITZI HAJOS
In "Pom-Pom"

(Left)
GERTRUDE BRYAN
As the bell-hop in "Little Boy Blue"

(Right)
KATHLEEN CLIFFORD
The smartest "Johnnie" on the stage

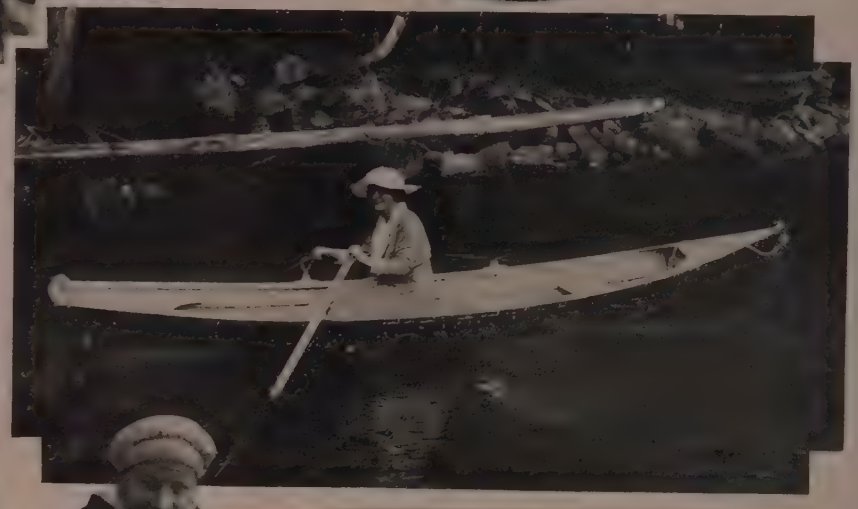
FROM a wide range of "male impersonators" there is very little to pick and choose in con-



FRANCES STARR

at Lake George, where she has her own camp, "El-ke-ma-be," on Diamond Point, close to Fort William Henry. Here she loves to get close to nature, away from the world of make-believe. Early in the fall, Miss Starr will be seen in a new comedy, entitled "Little Lady in Blue."

Photos Paul Thompson



sidering the vogue of trousers draped upon the "female form divine." All is not male that's trousered, in the mimic sphere, and few players of the opposing sex who essay masculine attire can keep up the illusion of masculinity very long. Your Vesta Tilly's and Della Fox's were never too convincing. Of course, their audiences were glad of that; none of us want to forget the woman inside her trousers and tail-coat. Especially are we pleased when loveliness adorned with pants makes no struggle to snare us into even a fleeting insensibility of its sex. The feminine performer who warbles a pseudo-bass from the depths of a dress shirt, cocks a top-hat over her right eye and swaggers like a longshoreman on pay day, doesn't altogether win our affections.

But there is a type of trousered lady-entertainer who makes no secret of her physical persuasion, whose voice is limpidly feminine and whose contours are merely accentuated by the dun habiliments of the male creature. Such soft and pleasing shams are Elsie Janis, Edna Wallace Hopper, Gertrude Bryan, the latter, alas for the public, retired into private life. Miss Bryan, who now bears the name of Mrs. Thayer on her visiting cards, won our hearts by the versatility of her breeched interpretations, no less than by her sportive display of small clothes and divided ones. She ran the gamut of male attire in "Little Boy Blue," from the leg perpendiculars of a bell-hop to Scotch kilts and the satin breeches of a sixteenth century courtier.

MIDWAY between the too realistic impersonators of man, and the too obvious femininity of imitators of the masculine, stand such artistes as Kathleen Clifford and Marie Doro. Miss Clifford is the perfect "nut," the last word of fashion in male toggery. The chappie who could dress, look and talk as she does, should be content to make a single appearance on upper Fifth Avenue and then retire to a haberdasher's to die gracefully on a bolt of mauve shirting. The trouble with Miss Clifford's presentment of vacant and immaculate young manhood is that it's too good to be true; no scion of wealth and child of the *haut monde* could exist, as Miss Clifford visualizes him, long enough to sing one of her songs. He would crumple like a rose leaf in the heat of a furnace, if he attempted to mince his way from the upper Eastern regions of the Park to the roaring forties of Murray Hill. Miss Clifford's "Johnnies" embody the shop girl's dream of an angel lover. Her impersonations of smart young men are the epitome of Charlotte Russe adolescence in long pants. Which is not to say they lack cleverness or do not please us. They do. They are art.

One might select an all-star cast of actresses who have won their suspenders, so to speak, in male character parts. The list extends from Edna May and Anna Held to Marie Dressler and Billie Burke. Like Pauline Chase, now swallowed up in the London wilderness, Miss Burke runs to pajamas. Perhaps I should say she runs in them. It must be admitted it is no far cry from the insistent pant to the retiring pajama; the one foreshadows the other. As the Pink Pajama Girl, Pauline Chase woke up to Broadway fame after the first performance of "Liberty Belles" in New York. That was more than a dozen years ago, but who can recall Miss Chase and not think of pink pajamas? To-day it is Billie Burke who claims our plaudits in the form-revealing grace of a super-pajama. None of your straight up-and-down trousers and jacket for her. Oh, dear no. Miss Burke is nothing if not feminine and her pajamas are a "creation," a dream of creamy, figured silk, the belt very high, the cuffs very ornate, a dainty, unmasculine nightie, unique, exclusive, individual. It is something to possess a pair of pajamas totally unlike anything else of their kind in the whole wide world.

RETURNING to trousers there is Elsie Gergely, the glorified bell-hop. One would like to dwell in a hotel where all the bell-boys were Elsie Gergely's smartly uniformed, white-gloved, polite, ready to break into song at the drop of a suspender button. But that is reserved for the millennium. And there is also Emma Trentini, a mite of a woman with the voice of a female Caruso. See her in pantalooned rags and you'd call her a genuine gutter-snipe. She wears her pants without affectation, as one to the manner born. While "in character," you cannot divorce the singer from her costume; she is the casual ragamuffin. She could walk through the most congested areas of our far-famed and odorous East Side and never be detected for what she is—the most charming of prima-donnas on the musical comedy stage, a singer with a sense of humor, a soloist who can hit top C in a standing high jump and come down smiling. Mme. Trentini has justified her trousers, proved herself greater than her bifurcated garb, risen above the limitations and restrictions of her fun-provoking pants.

IN the final count it would appear that to Mitzi Hajos, bright particular star of "Pom-Pom," the honors for trouser supremacy must be awarded unreservedly. Mitzi it is who not only dominates the "Pom-Pom" success both in and out of trousers, but Mitzi who likewise discovers herself in an evening gown plus trousers. Mitzi appreciates the value of contrast; she knows that pants and pannier skirt in combination can arouse an audience's enthusiasm, where the pant solitary or the skirt of single purpose fails of its purpose. The soul of humor resides in the placing side by side of two violently discordant objects; that is the world's oldest recipe for fun. Nothing could tingle one's funny-bone more effectively than the sight of a rose-and-lily Dolly Varden girl donning the breeches of Oliver Twist; of the Queen of the Fairies adding the cloth leg-coverings of the cobbler's son to her dainty costume. There is elemental fun for you. Mitzi makes the house rock with the humor of it. Probably she doesn't know it, but this trick of hers bridges the chasm, pictorially, of half a century of the feminine impersonation of man. Stage women first in petticoats and then in pants, like the poor, we have with us always. But beauty captured midway between skirts and trousers, petrified in the very act of transformation, only Mitzi Hajos can tell of with authority. She has capped the climax of protean art, sealed the doom of sartorial mystery forever more. She has done for the stage what the swinging railroad bridge across Niagara has done for the United States and (*Continued on page* 96)

White

MARGARET MOWER AS HELEN IN "HELENA'S HUSBAND" RECENTLY AT THE COMEDY

When Miss Mower made her first appearance on the stage with the Washington Square Players at the Bandbox Theatre a few months ago, she revealed herself as an actress of great promise. With youth, beauty and talent as assets this interesting young artist is plainly destined to become a Broadway favorite

THE COMING YALE PAGEANT

Photo Candee

THE GREAT YALE BOWL ACCOMMODATING AN AUDIENCE OF SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND

YALE UNIVERSITY is preparing to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its existence in New Haven by giving the biggest dramatic performance, numerically speaking, that has ever been seen. Fancy a cast of 7,000 playing to an audience of 68,000, in a drama comprising twenty-one acts! That is the immensity of the mammoth Yale Pageant, in which the students of the University and many of the citizens of New Haven will take part in the great Yale Bowl on October 21st next.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY
President of Yale University

IT is called a Pageant of the Town and Gown, to symbolize the strong bond of friendship that at present exists between the city and the University. The relationship has not always been an amiable one, as we learn from the town and gown riots of the 40's, which will be enacted in one of the Pageant episodes. But the very Pageant itself is doing more to cement the friendship between the two elements than anything else could. Since it will portray in dramatic episodes not only the history of the college since its modest inception but its connection with the history of the town as well, everyone has rallied to the democratic spirit of pageantry. Students and citizens, school teachers and society buds, the suffrage and anti-suffrage leagues, the Democrats and the Republicans, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.—all the pros and cons of every conceivable issue have dropped their differences and come together in the interests of a common achievement. Even professorial dignity is lost somewhere between the musty halls of learning and the grassy floor of the Bowl, for the respected "profs" and their wives will also play an important part in the big event, and are entering into the scheme of rehearsals with all the zest of children.

COMPOSITE GROUP OF THE CENTURIES

THE big man of the occasion is Francis Hartman Markoe, who, under the imposing title, "Master of the Pageant," has been recruiting the forces, directing the rehearsals, supervising the costumes, and planning the entire spectacle. Mr. Markoe is a Yale man, as are all the leading spirits of the Pageant. His activities in the revival of pageantry have marked him as one of the artistic leaders of the world, and have taken him as far as Capetown, South Africa. There he put on the great pageant celebrating the Union of South Africa, and five years ago assisted Frank Lascelles in the Coronation Pageant at the Crystal Palace in London. While still a student at Oxford he wrote and staged the Oxford Pageant, and wrote the masque played by the 44,000 school children of London.

AT the actual performance of the Yale Pageant Mr. Markoe will preside over the assemblage of 7,000 actors in an elevated platform constructed over the highest seats in the Bowl, caged and clamped to the concrete walls. In this position he will be able to convey instructions to the Master of Music by means of a colored light code. Like a central telephone operator, he will be connected with telephones to every entrance of the Bowl, by means of which he will give directions to the various group leaders and so direct the whole.

With the grass-covered floor of the Bowl as its stage, the great oval mass of 68,000 spectators as its scenic investiture, and the blue sky of an autumn day for its roof, the great Pageant will open with a fanfare of trumpets resounding from all corners of the Bowl. Garbed in the gay raiment of a chivalrous age, the trumpeters and heralds will proceed down the steps into the Bowl, and the great band and chorus will usher in the medieval prelude, the marriage of the Lady Margaret ap Ienkyn, maternal ancestor of Elihu Yale. It was he, as governor of the East India Company, who endowed the little college in Connecticut in 1716, and bestowed upon it the gift of 400 pounds in wares from the East India Company and his Welsh name. It has been humorously said that Gov. Yale purchased his immortality cheaply.

THE first or Colonial episode is divided into four scenes; the founding of New Haven, showing John Davenport and his little band buying the land from the ravaged and oppressed tribe of Quinnipiac Indians; the founding of the college; the removal of the books from Saybrook to New Haven, when the natives of the former strenuously interfered; and the first commencement at New Haven. The first interlude comes next, an allegory depicting the passing of the arts and sciences from the old world to the new, in which 2,000 school children in blue, green and purple draperies will simulate the waves of the ocean, while figures symbolizing the arts and sciences pass through to lay their gifts at the feet of the infant Yale.

FRANCIS H. MARKOE
Master of the Pageant

THE second episode will depict scenes from the Revolutionary period. The company of the Governor's Foot Guards demanding the keys to the powder house; the invasion of New Haven by the British troops in 1779, and the sacking of the town being prevented because an officer pleads with the general to spare it on account of the college. Then comes the most tragic scene of the Pageant, the martyrdom of Nathan Hale, to be played by a Yale man who is a New York lawyer and a direct descendant of Hale, followed by Washington's triumphal passing through New Haven on his way to Cambridge. The second interlude, which follows, is a beautiful allegory of peace and war written by the Pageant Master, Mr. Markoe.

Episode number three will portray, in the first two scenes, some phases of college life between the Revolution and the Civil War. As the scene opens an old-fashioned football game is in progress, and when firemen try to interfere by laying hose across the ground the students protest and the famous Town and Gown Riot ensues. Then comes the burial (*Continued on page 96*)

Clara Tice, the artist, in medieval costume

A GREAT STAGE SPEECH

The defense's plea for Falder in "Justice" one of the longest ever delivered*

ONE of the most impressive scenes in John Galsworthy's tragedy "Justice," now being presented at the Candler Theatre, is in the court room where Frome, the counsel for the young clerk, Falder, accused of forgery, addresses the Court on the prisoner's behalf. This speech, which is one of the longest ever spoken on the stage, is made by Mr. Lester Lonergan who plays the rôle of the advocate. The manner in which the actor delivers this eloquent plea for mercy makes the situation one of the most realistic and convincing of this remarkable play. A young man employed as a clerk raises a check in order to procure money with which to leave England with its moral and legal impediments to his marrying or living with a woman whose husband is a brute, unworthy of her. The conditions thus involved constitute the background of the story. The speech for the defense is as follows:

FROME: If it please your lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury—My friend (counsel for the Crown) in cross-examination has shown a disposition to sneer at the defence which has been set up in this case, and I am free to admit that nothing I can say will move you, if the evidence has not already convinced you that the prisoner committed this act in a moment when to all practical intents and purposes he was not responsible for his actions; a moment of such mental and moral vacuity, arising from the violent emotional agitation under which he had been suffering, as to amount to temporary madness. My friend has alluded to the "romantic glamour" with which I have sought to invest this case. Gentlemen, I have done nothing of the kind. I have merely shown you the background of "life"—that palpitating life which, believe me—whatever my friend may say—always lies behind the commission of a crime.

NOW gentlemen, we live in a highly civilized age, and the sight of brutal violence disturbs us in a very strange way, even when we have no personal interest in the matter. But when we see it inflicted on a woman whom we love—what then? Just think of what your own feelings would have been, each of you, at the prisoner's age; and then look at him. Well! he is hardly the comfortable, shall we say bucolic, person likely to contemplate with equanimity marks of gross violence on a woman to whom he was devotedly attached. Yes, gentlemen, look at him! He has not a strong face; but neither has he a vicious face. He is just the sort of man who would easily become the prey of his emotions. You have heard the description of his eyes. My friend may laugh at the word "funny"—I think it better describes the peculiar uncanny look of those who are strained to breaking-point than any other word which could have been used. I don't pretend, mind you, that his mental irresponsibility was more than a flash of darkness, in which all sense of proportion became lost; but I do contend, that, just as a man who destroys himself at such a moment may be, and often is, absolved from the stigma attaching to the crime of self-murder, so he may, and frequently does, commit other crimes while in this irresponsible condition, and that he may as justly be acquitted of criminal intent and treated as a patient.

White

LESTER LONERGAN
As Hector Frome in "Justice"

I ADMIT that this is a plea which might well be abused. It is a matter for discretion. But here you have a case in which there is every reason to give the benefit of the doubt. You heard me ask the prisoner what he thought of during those four fatal minutes. What was his answer? "I thought of Mr. Cokeson's face!" Gentlemen, no man could invent an answer like that; it is absolutely stamped with truth. You have seen the great affection (legitimate or not) existing between him and this woman, who came here to give evidence for him at the risk of her life. It is impossible for you to doubt his distress on the morning when he committed this act. We well know what terrible havoc such distress can make in weak and highly nervous people. It was all the work of a moment. The rest has followed, as death follows a stab to the heart, or water drops if you hold up a jug to empty it. Believe me, gentlemen, there is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done. Once this cheque was altered and presented, the work of four minutes—four mad minutes—the rest has been silence. But in those four minutes the boy before you has slipped through a door, hardly opened, into that great cage which never again quite lets a man go—the cage of the law. His further acts, his failure to confess, the alteration of the counterfoil, his preparations for flight, are all evidence—not of deliberate and guilty intention when he committed the prime act from which these subsequent acts arose; no—they are merely evidence of the weak character which is clearly enough his misfortune.

BUT is a man to be lost because he is bred and born with a weak character? Gentlemen, men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him back into prison and brand him forever. Gentlemen, Justice is a machine that, when someone has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness? Is he to become a member of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? Is that to be his voyage—from which so few return? Or is he to have another chance, to be still looked on as one who has gone a little astray, but who will come back? I urge you, gentlemen, do not ruin this young man! For, as a result of those four minutes, ruin, utter and irretrievable, stares him in the face. He can be saved now. Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost. He has neither the face nor the manner of one who can survive that terrible ordeal. Weigh in the scales his criminality and the suffering he has undergone. The latter is ten times heavier already. He has lain in prison under this charge for more than two months. Is he likely ever to forget that? Imagine the anguish of his mind during that time. He has had his punishment, gentlemen, you may depend. The rolling of the chariot-wheels of Justice over this boy began when it was decided to prosecute him. We are now already at the second stage. If you permit it to go on to the third I would not give——that for him.

He holds up finger and thumb in the form of a circle, drops his hand, and sits down.

*Reprinted by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Photo Hoover Art Co.

FANNIE WARD

FANNIE WARD is referred to in admiring phrase as "the Perennial" as "the everlasting ingénue" and "the child who won't grow up." A waiter at a fashionable restaurant declined to serve her with wine at dinner. "But I am playing in 'Mme. President,'" remonstrated Miss Ward. "I am the star of the piece." "Can't help it," replied the man of the napkin and flourishes. "I can't serve drinks to minors. It's against the law." Miss Ward's star arose from the humble horizon of the chorus. New York remembers her in the ranks of the repeaters in abbreviated attire with Henry B. Dixey in "Adonis." She has a larger collection of jewels than any actress in the world. She charmed London in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Her star arose in the American firmament in "A Marriage of Reason." She has joined the exodus from the legitimate stage to motion pictures. A notable picture in which she is the chief player is "The Cheat" (Jesse L. Lasky Co.)

Some Unwritten Stage History

By Milton Nobles

This veteran actor-playwright continues his interesting reminiscences of players and managers of other days

ONE day, in 1870, there blew into Virginia City an actor named Leathes. He wasn't a star; just a new walking "gent" for Pipers' Stock. He was a rather good looking chap about thirty, a Londoner who had spent a year or two in Australia and finally landed in San Francisco. He had been, it seems, quite the thing in Melbourne and Sydney. A regular pet with the ladies, it was said. So Barrett and McCollough, who were managing the California Theatre, engaged him for walking gentlemen. He had a drawl that floated and an English dialect calculated to create a riot at a Fenian pic-nic; and the clothes he wore! The tweed coat was a cutaway, very tight and very short. The trousers bulged at the hips, closed in again around the knees, then spread out like a sailor's at the bottoms. There were slits up the outside seams, with two ornamental buttons and buttonholes. They were probably the correct thing in Melbourne, but the breed was unknown on Montgomery Street.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN

HE opened in a modern dress part, and got on the stage in that suit, or its duplicate in cut, before anyone could give the alarm. San Francisco had at that time passed the mining camp stage. It was the Western Metropolis, the California Theatre was one of the finest play houses on the continent, and it had the best stock company in America. Anglo-mania had not reached the coast. But the audiences at the California were not wild and wooly. So when they saw those clothes and heard that dialect, they simply looked at each other and smiled amiably. Even in New York anglophobia had not then become virulent. True, the microbe was always at Wallack's, but the eruptions were sporadic. My! how things have changed! A decent looking chap landing in New York to-day with that dialect would have the managers outbidding each other for his services, and the female stars all trying to tie him up with a five-year contract. However, that's another story, which may come later. Piper had wired down to John McCabe, then the only agent on the coast, asking for a good-looking young man for "walking gents." No desirable person being available, McCabe asked Barrett if he had such a man out of the bill, whom he would lend to Piper for two weeks. Barrett said he had just the man, and loaned him the Englishman. He also told McCabe to say to John that he could keep him for the season, if he wanted to.

SUCH was the *entente cordiale* between managers in the good old days. Everybody in Virginia knew that a new actor was coming up to join the Piper company. Dan de Quille of the *Enterprise* and Alf Doten of the Gold Hill *News* looked after the publicity end of it. There was quite a crowd in front of the International Hotel when Dave Madigan pulled his six bronchos on their haunches and the Concord stopped with the sound of grinding breaks and jingling tugs. Dave's great specialty was a lively canter up the Main Street, and the sharp, picturesque halt, the leader's heads directly in front of the Palace Saloon, and the coach door squarely opposite the main entrance of the International. The usual crowd had gathered to take in the arrivals.

THE new actor was the centre of interest. He wore a loud check suit, high silk hat, London vintage, '54. He carried a leather hat box and a bundle containing sticks, a pair of foils, umbrellas and a small sword. He wore a glass in one eye. It was the first one seen in the town. He stepped to the boot of the coach to make sure that his "luggage" was all right. This gave the boys a good chance to size him up. The general effect was one of surprise and disappointment. He had been announced as a member of the California Theatre stock company and a great Australian favorite. "He ain't a bad looker," said Bob Lindsay, "but where'n h——l did he get them clothes?" There appeared to be a tacit agreement to suspend judgment till they could see him act. Piper had stood at the coach door, ready to welcome him, but when he got a look at him he forgot all about it, and just stared after him as he disappeared through the hotel door.

LEATHES made his first appearance in a little one-act comedietta, put on as an afterpiece. The scene was laid in London, and all of the characters were English types, except the young lover, an American, a distant relative just arrived from the Western States. That was the part assigned to Leathes. When he struck that bunch of typical American actors, all impersonating English swells, with assorted brands of Western dialects, and he playing the only American, and with that cockney dialect, the humor of the thing was too much for the boys. The actor did his level best. He took himself seriously and was easy and conscientious. But the bad judgment shown in casting him for the part was fatal. There was at the time an intimation that it was a stage manager's joke. Anyway, that audience certainly did laugh itself hoarse. But they laughed at the actor, not with him. Piper gave him two weeks' salary and a ticket to San Francisco. The same stage took a letter from Piper to McCabe, the agent, which ran something like this:

WALTER MONTGOMERY

"Dat new actor what you borrowed from Barret and McCullough didn't make a hit. Dan de Quille says he's a good actor, but dat he speaks de American language mit an English brogue. Alf Doten says he talks like a man mit a mout full of false teeth made for someone else. But de vorst ting is de boys up here don't like the vay his pants don't fit. I'm sending him back."

In justice to Leathes it should be stated that subsequently for many years he was prominent and popular on the London stage. He also wrote a large book about himself.

THE late Daniel E. Bandmann, the Anglo-German tragedian, was a man of marked ability and an aggressive personality. He had returned from a successful Australian tour, and was playing an engagement at the old Metropolitan, San Francisco. He was underlined for an early appearance in Virginia City. Everything went wrong one night in San Francisco. The actors or stage hands walked heavy and talked loud during the star's quiet scenes in "Narcisse." Then the stage manager rang down at the wrong time. Bandmann was quick tempered. Hot words let to a few passes. Mrs. Bandmann intervened. Bandmann put her aside, rather roughly probably, ordering her to her dressing room. In turning her foot caught in the carpet, and she fell to the stage, scraping her neck or shoulder, which bled slightly. The incident ended the fracas. Bandmann took her to the dressing room, and later apologized to the company. One or two unimportant people, supers, probably, rushed out to the saloon in front, and spread the report that Bandmann had beaten his wife, and

Interesting Personalities in the World of the Stage

NAT WILLS AND HIS DAUGHTER

The popular comedian is seen here not as "the happy tramp" but in a less familiar rôle—"the happy father." Natalie Wills was born on July 4, 1914.

White

ROBERT MANTELL

After a long stay in Jamaica where he has been posing for the screen, Mr. Mantell keeps posted on recent New York theatrical matters by reading The Theatre

Rembrandt

MAUD MADISON

A favorite dancer among the smart set in New York and Palm Beach, who is now appearing in recitals with Charles Keeler. She is here shown as Isis in Mr. Keeler's dance poem, "The Harper's Song of Isis"

L. CHILLINGHAM DUNN

An English actor who is appearing in Tokyo, Japan. Mr. Dunn doubled the parts of Dupont and Benoit in the version of "The Typhoon" produced by the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo. The Japanese rôles were played by natives.

MYRTLE STEDMAN

This screen star is only one of the many film favorites who find golf to their liking
(Oliver Morosco Co.)

had in turn been thrashed by the stage manager; and in that shape it got into a morning paper.

THE following day the San Francisco papers were in Virginia City. Piper had long dispatches from Bandmann, Mrs. Bandmann and the theatre managers, making explicit denial. At Piper's request Dan de Quille and Alf Doten did not refer to the matter in any way in the *Enterprise* and *News*. But the seed had been sown. The lie would not down. The actor beating his wife appeared to be the chief topic in town. Two days later the local papers, realizing the seriousness of the situation, published the true version of the affair. But truth rarely overtakes and seldom silences the well-launched lie. Bandmann was to appear the following Monday evening. Some photographs of the tragedians that had been displayed in windows on the Main Street disappeared. The man who made light of the affair, and expressed a belief in the true story rather than the lie, was quietly admonished, and thereafter held his peace. The actor who had beaten his wife was coming to town, and sage brush chivalry was in the saddle. When Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann alighted from the stage early Monday morning small groups had gathered, but there was no demonstration. At ten they passed from the hotel, and, arm in arm, went down the steep hill to the Opera House, where the company had assembled for a rehearsal of "Don Caesar de Bazan." Rehearsal lasted till two. The stars, arm in arm, walked up the hill, and passed into the hotel.

Scarcely a seat had been sold. It was so unusual that Piper grew anxious. Something was in the air; no one appeared to know what. An hour later, as though by prearrangement, a line commenced forming about the ticket office and seats were bought in all parts of the house.

AT eight o'clock the house was well filled. The audience was quiet and orderly, with the customary number of ladies. The orchestra had a reception, and the *"Poet and Peasant"* overture got a big round of applause. Both events were unusual. The curtain went up on the first act of "Don Caesar." Each actor had a rousing reception. Mrs. Bandmann, as Maritana, had an ovation. Men stood up and cheered. Flowers were thrown upon the stage, and flowers in Virginia in those days meant big money. They didn't grow among the sage. Don Caesar's music cue was given, the orchestra played, and Bandmann, as the ragged cavalier, swaggered on, laughing and waving his hand to the jeering crowd in the street.

THE music stopped. There was a moment of dead, oppressive silence. It was just long enough for his voice to be heard, and his identity fixed. Then from the gallery came the loud clang of a Chinese gong, manifestly a prearranged signal. And then pandemonium broke loose. It seemed as though every gong, cowbell, dinner bell and tin horn in Virginia, Gold Hill and Carson had been smuggled unseen into that theatre. After about thirty seconds there was a lull. The actor tried to continue. The sound of his voice was the cue for a renewal of the noise. He advanced to the footlights and lifted his arm, with a gesture that asked for silence. The noise stopped. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. He got no farther. He left the stage. The noise stopped. Ladies and their escorts were leaving the theatre. Mrs. Bandmann came on the scene. She was received with applause from all parts of the house. Ladies who had risen, remained standing in the aisles. Mrs. Bandmann was ghastly through her make-up.

AS she advanced to the footlights the house was as silent as a tomb. She spoke earnestly and eloquently. She appealed to the sympathies of her own sex and to the chivalry and manhood of the other. She said with force and earnestness that the story of her husband having struck her was an infamous lie and declared that their relations had always been most happy and affectionate. She begged them to allow the play to proceed. She left the stage, followed by hearty applause and cheers. Many resumed their seats. The action was taken up and proceeded quietly, with receptions and applause for all until the reappearance of the star. Then the hideous sounds began again, louder if possible than before. The actor left the stage. The curtain was rung down, the engagement was at an end.

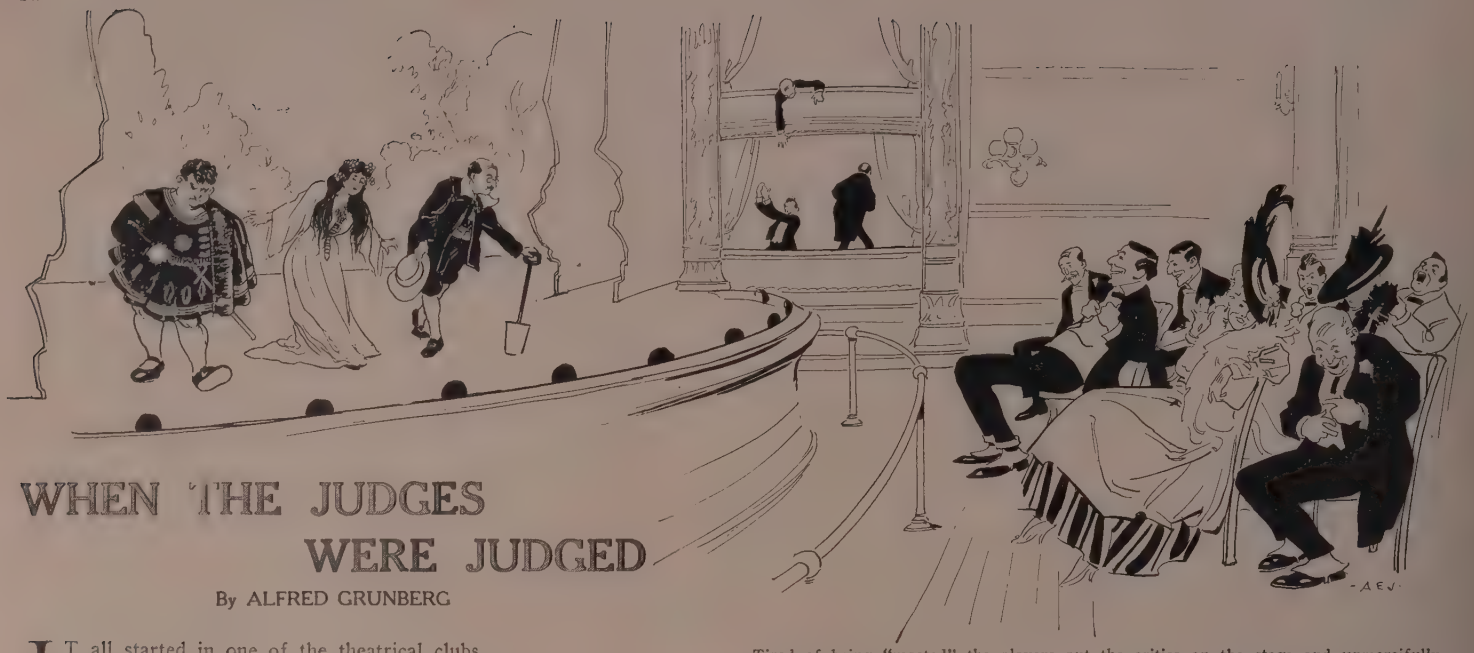
© Victor Georg

ANN MURDOCK

To appear at the Lyceum early in August in "Please Help Emily," a new comedy

ANOTHER English actor played Virginia City in those days about whom quite a different story can be told. Walter Montgomery was the man. He had been heralded as one of the greatest of English speaking actors, which in truth he was. Expectation ran high. And when a rather undersized man, with stooping shoulders, a clerical looking face and a fringe of sandy hair stepped briskly from the Reno stage, the impression was not unlike that made by Leathes. That impression was not changed when, a few hours later he reappeared and walked down to the Opera House for rehearsal, accompanied by Piper. He wore a full Australian outfit; a suit of white duck. A pongee shirt, négligée, a cork helmet with two or three yards of white material wrapped about it, floating behind, and white shoes. There were many winks and smiles, and saloon and shop doors filled with interested crowds. But there was no demonstration. He opened in one of the standard tragedies, either "Hamlet" or "Othello." At the end of the first act he owned the town. His superb presence, musical voice, faultless elocution, with no trace of the English accent, and a wonderful magnetism, carried everything before him. His two weeks engagement was a brilliant success, and he was lionized in true Western fashion. There is also a tradition that the receipts for his engagement and a thousand or so additional found their way across the faro tables in Kentuck's palace. But Montgomery was man all through, a splendid type of the cosmopolitan, and when he took the stage for Reno the town turned out to bid him goodbye and good luck, and no hand was taken more cordially or pressed more warmly by him than that of Morgan, the handsome blonde dealer at the Palace, who had raked in his coin.

POOR Montgomery! Cultured, brilliant, there was something wanting in his make-up as frequently happens to men of genius. In Virginia City the non-professional wife of a then prominent actor, became desperately enamored of the English tragedian. So far as appearances went he had not encouraged, nor did he reciprocate the infatuation. But he lacked the strength of Joseph, to put the woman behind him. She accompanied him East, or followed soon after. She became his Nemesis. She created scenes in Eastern cities where he was playing. Once a third party, who knew the circumstances and conditions, sought to break up the unholy alliance. His interference was resented by both, Montgomery in the spirit of chivalry championing the woman who *(Continued on page 94)*



Tired of being "roasted" the players put the critics on the stage and unmercifully "guy" them as the reviewers themselves fail in the very things they criticized

WHEN THE JUDGES WERE JUDGED

By ALFRED GRUNBERG

IT all started in one of the theatrical clubs (*name deleted by the editor*). Clayton Hamilton, Louis Defoe, George Jean Nathan, Alan Dale and several other critics were roasting the acting seen in New York during the current season. John Barrymore and Leo Ditrichstein were chatting with Ralph Herz a few yards away. Suddenly Herz caught a phrase or two from the conversation of the critics. He motioned to the others and this is what they heard.

"Really," Clayton Hamilton was saying, "I have never seen such rotten performances. The pronouncing of the commonest words —"

"Here," broke in George Jean, "keep off my stamping ground. Don't you know that I must have at least one article in my magazine each year in which I put side by side the words of the actors as they should be spoken and the way they are?"

"Pardon, pardon," murmured Hamilton. "I have had such long communion with the immortal Robert Louis Stevenson that I have forgotten things that ordinary folk do."

"I don't blame you for not reading his truck," broke in Alan Dale, "but there is really no excuse for neglecting *me*. Read *my* criticisms and you will find out just what the matter is with the drama."

YOU hear?" exclaimed Barrymore *sotte voce* to the others. "They are talking about us."

"Why get excited?" smiled Ditrichstein in his precise English. "Maybe they'll learn something from one another. Heaven knows they should."

"I don't care," stormed Jack, minus his mustache. "What right have they to knock the actor? Look at my family, Ethel, Sidney, John——"

"Stop!" commanded Herz, holding up his hand. "That's a sufficiency. We know all about your family. The question at hand is what should we do to these critics to teach them a lesson?"

"They should be made to act," growled Barrymore. "Then perhaps we could get justice."

"I should think you had enough of Justice, Jack," Herz grinned amiably. "Eight performances a week——"

"Fine, fine, fine," spluttered Ditrichstein excitedly. "That is what we will make them do. We'll get them to act at a special performance and we'll be the critics."

"Great!" whooped Barrymore. "We'll make them do 'Hamlet' with Clayton Hamilton in the title rôle. His three hundred pounds will just suit the Dane."

PLANS followed at once. When the three conspirators were ready, they marched in a body to the critics who were still bemoaning the lack of plays and players.

"I say—you—you—critics," spluttered Ditrichstein. "We have a challenge."

"Fancy that!" Hamilton remarked. "A duel perhaps? I regret to say——"

"No, it isn't a duel," put in Barrymore rapidly. "We want you either to make good or to stop talking about actors. We overheard what you said. We challenge you to do better. We dare you to put on a production of 'Hamlet' with you critics in the rôles, and you, Hamilton, playing Hamlet."

"Wonderful, ecstatic!" cried Louis Defoe.

"How did you ever think up such a good idea, Barrymore?" inquired Alan Dale. In a patronizing tone he added: "I insist on playing the part of the first gravedigger."

"You are well suited for it," Herz remarked. "You have buried many a play by your criticisms."

"Well, Clayton, do you accept the challenge?" asked George Jean eagerly. "Let's show these alleged Thespians some real acting."

"Wait," murmured Clayton. "I must think. If R. L. S. were in my place would he consent? I must go into a trance and hold communion with him."

"I have always suspected you were in a trance when you wrote your reviews," smiled Ditrichstein sweetly. Do you fall into that sort of state often?"

"We must have your decision at once," interrupted Barrymore. "The agreement is that you critics stage, produce, and act "Hamlet" for one performance. No one but actors and actresses are to be allowed in the audience. A picked committee will write out their criticisms and these opinions will be handed to the performers. Critics, of course, will have to play the feminine rôles."

"We accept, we accept," said George Jean fiercely. "If Hamilton will not play the leading part, I will. Perhaps I am even better suited than he."

"Oh, no, dear boy," objected Herz. "You are better as second gravedigger."

THE Hudson Theatre was crowded to the doors the afternoon on which the performance was given. It looked like a professional matinée. Actors and actresses on tour cut shor. their route and hurried into New York to witness the unique spectacle—New York critics attempting to act "Hamlet." The guns of satire and mockery were primed to the muzzle.

In the dressing rooms panic reigned.

"I'll never roast actors again," Clayton Hamilton moaned as he struggled into his doublet and hose. "I know I'll forget the lines and all the business. My tongue will be so paralyzed they won't be able to hear a word. Oh, Lord, give me strength!"

"'Tis strange," muttered Dale. "I wonder what ails me. I do not go on until late to dig my grave and yet my head burns and my feet are cold as ice."

SUDDENLY an appeal for help was heard outside. The critics opened the door, and gazed upon a pitiful sight. Heywood Broun, entangled in the folds of Ophelia's gown was floundering pitifully around the stage.

"Oh, why did I ever promise to go in for this thing," he wailed bitterly. "I'm sure they'll guy me to death!"

Each one had his own troubles and worries. A more wretched crowd of critics never gathered under one roof.

"To be or not to be," crooned Clayton Hamilton as he rose to make his entrance. "Is that the first speech or the second?"

When the callboy announced the curtain, a unanimous groan went up.

"Remember, boys," said George Jean sternly. "Let everyone pronounce distinctly or I'll lose my reputation."

The rise of the curtain did not silence the chatter and laughter of the audience. The player-spectators determined to duplicate the conditions under which they themselves have to work and so a continuous buzz of conversation was kept up during the opening speeches. Disconcerted, the critics glared across the footlights, but the noise continued while the delighted Thespians watched the reviewers' efforts with glee.

AT the end of the first act there was some perfunctory applause, mingled with jeers. The critics bobbed their heads and looked foolish, and when they reached their dressing rooms, gave deep sighs of relief. They had every reason to be grateful. The only time the audience had laughed was when (*Continued on page* 95)

A DREAM OF FAIR STAGE WOMEN

© Ira L. Hill

HATTIE BURKS
Seen recently in the popular musical success, "The Blue Paradise"

ADELE ROWLAND
Enjoying a ride on one of the palatial steamers on the Hudson

MAUDE FEALY
In motion pictures with the Ivan Film Productions, Inc.

© Strauss-Peyton

MRS. ERWIN CONNELLY
Now appearing in vaudeville

Solving the "Happy Ending" Problem

By Charlton Andrews

AMERICAN drama is notoriously handicapped by the tendency of its authors to treat all serious subjects melodramatically. Their motives are various, including such matters as the artificial theatrical thrill, the heart-throb, the "punch," breathless suspense, and breath-taking surprise. But perhaps the chief offender among these motives is the "happy ending."

Doubtless we are justified in assuming that the American author writes melodrama not because he prefers it or is capable of nothing better, but because the public demands it. There is much ground for crediting this latter excuse. The public does demand the happy ending, as countless instances go to prove. One promptly recalls how, in response to popular insistence, the Hedda-Gablerian finish of "The Fourth Estate" was changed after the first week so as to leave hero and heroine at the last curtain catch-as-catch-can down centre. Innumerable are the cases of dramatic material essentially tragic which has been made melodramatic largely for the sake of this final stage picture. "Common Clay," with its present epilogue which the critics have so justly rapped, is yet with us; and we readily recall "Chains" and "Israel" and "The Boss" and plenty of others.

White

LILY CAHILL AND BRANDON TYNAN
In the final scene of "The Melody of Youth"

NOW if it be true that the majority of American playgoers want happy endings at any price, it is also obvious that there is a growing minority that prefers logic in final "curtains" as well as in the other parts of play-structure. This latter fact is evidenced by the increasing interest in foreign drama shown by readers of plays—in Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Bataille and numerous other authors of realistic tragedy—writers who in their quest of truth stubbornly insist on dallying with those "blind-alley" themes that Mr. William Archer so zealously taboos. Perhaps this augmenting minority is already so large as to be of commercial importance. If so, is it not time that producers were casting about them for some means of supplying this secondary demand—for logic—without at the same time sacrificing the primary demand—for the happy ending come what come may?

At all events, I should like to submit to the managerial fraternity a plan to meet the wishes of both majority and minority. Briefly it is this: let us have *two* endings for our realistic dramas—one logical, the other "happy"! If the play be in four acts, let the program, or better still a legend projected on the curtain, explain that the next act performed will bring the play to a termination satisfactory to those who prefer that, in spite of fate and common sense, hero and heroine should marry (or be reconciled after their conjugal quarrel) and live happily ever after. At the same time those who prefer the logical, the consistent, the inevitable ending—whether in separation, disgrace, defeat, death, or life-like commonplaces—should be asked to repair to the smoking and tea-rooms, there to wait until summoned for *their* fourth act immediately following the dismissal of the satisfied majority.

THE objections to this proposal are few and easily to be met In the first place, our American plays are so short that duplication of an act would not make the hour of ultimate dispersal unduly late. Moreover, last acts are usually so brief and entr'actes usually so long that we should scarcely notice the added delay. Similarly, the additional burden upon the actors would not be serious, inasmuch as most of them have so little to do in our customary hour-and-a-half productions.

Of course, *some* plays are distorted *throughout* for the sake of the happy ending. I think, however, it will be found that most of them run along in reasonable verisimilitude until the curtain rises on the last act. Thereafter the contoitions of the human frog, or of Toto at the Hippodrome, are made to seem tame indeed beside the twistings of the puppets we so fondly hoped were men and women. But the majority of the perversions in the earlier scenes of the typical American play are generally for the sake of other things than the beatitudinous conclusion. All that is another story and must be dealt with in another way. Evolution will probably take care of the "punch" and its accessories, but nothing short of revolution seems likely to prevail against the happy ending. Let the managers adopt my scheme, and I prophesy that within a short time they will see the majority that wants joy gradually melting while the minority that skips the first version of the last act gradually increases. Ultimately, the two parties will change places; and then, of course, the logical act will be given first, and the happy-enders will have to do the waiting. And in the remote, dim future—who knows?—perhaps there won't be enough of these happy-enders left to warrant the performance of a *finale* all their own!

ONE sees at once that the scheme would apply equally well in the case of the novel, the short story, or the narrative poem. Along toward the end could be inserted a warning, printed in red, to the effect that what immediately followed would gratify those who insist on felicity, but that less sensitive, more logical souls should now skip to Page So-and-so, whereafter they would find the grim truth worked out to its relentless conclusion regardless of consequences. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why the same principle should not also be applied in the case of the "movies." Between warning gongs, for instance, everybody could rest his eyes—and be glad of the excuse—at one time or another as the film wound up.

Mr. Kipling has given us two versions of the ending of "The Light That Failed." Why not print them both in the same volume? New commercial possibilities! Rowe's ending for "King Lear" might alternate with Shakespeare's, and we could take our choice. By all means, let those who are so bent upon it have their happy ending for "Hamlet," for "Ghosts," for "L'Aiglon," for "Fine Feathers." Let Ophelia rush in at the last moment, if necessary, explain that she has been rescued from her watery grave by a submarine and restored to reason by means of hypnotism, and ring down the curtain by falling upon the neck of the unscathed Dane with all the effusion of Miss Anita Stewart in Chapter 97 of "The Goddess." Let a Venetian Sherlock Holmes penetrate the villainies of Iago and expose them to the moor in the nick of time. Let Brutus and Cassius, victorious at Philippi, be crowned joint emperors of Rome, while history goes hang.

GREAT in our day is the yearning for theatrical novelty. My plan affords plenty of it in startling form. Obviously the innovation would call for many revivals. Sir Arthur Pinero has just written two endings for "The Drum": in playing, why not beat both at once? Now "Iris" and

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photo Campbell Studio

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

MRS. VERNON CASTLE, who prefers to be called Irene Castle, is the latest proselyte of the motion picture cult. A factor in her decision to act for the screen was her husband's absence. The call of patriotism having stilled all other sounds in his ears he joined the British Flying Corps. During a recent visit of adieu to the aviator-dancer in England Mrs. Castle danced and sang by command for their British Majesties. She says the event was marred by the fact that Queen Mary doesn't use powder on her face and wishes performers to appear before her sans all facial adornment save what nature gives. On the expiration of her present film engagement Mrs. Castle will appear in a new musical comedy under the management of

Elizabeth Marbury.

LOS ANGELES RIALTO A RIVAL BROADWAY

Broadway favorites invade California to act before the screen

By PAUL HUBERT CONLON

IN the brief space of a year and a half the Los Angeles Rialto has become a rival Broadway. Here any fine morning may be seen a veritable army of the best-known stars on the American stage basking in the sun of the glorious California sky. It is only a few months ago that these same artists were indignantly declining to lend their talents to the screen, on the ground that it was *infra dig.* But with a bad season depleting their bank accounts they soon found themselves unable to resist longer the liberal offers of the motion picture producers and they came here in droves.

LOS ANGELES is the centre of the motion picture industry. To no one producer does Southern California owe a debt of gratitude for each one was equally ambitious in the search for better talent. Previous to 1915 Dustin Farnum had appeared in feature pictures and the favorable stories he carried back to Broadway regarding the pleasures of working a few hours a day in sunny California changed the minds of many hard-working actors.

At first the rival producers sought continued favor for the shorter photoplays, but soon the rivalry of the exploitation of well-known theatrical favorites forced a change. Four of the oldest companies on the General Film program formed the V-L-S-E combination for the production of feature pictures. In most cases well-known actors or actresses are starred in these pictures. Then D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennett seceded from the Mutual program to form the gigantic Triangle combination. Straightway the remaining companies began the production of feature pictures with many stage favorites in the leading rôles. At the present time practically every film company in existence is devoting time to the feature photodrama.

WITH few exceptions every producing firm has a studio in Los Angeles, or elsewhere in Southern California. Early in 1915 Los Angeles had grown accustomed to the appearance on the Rialto of Dustin Farnum, Theodore Roberts, Marguerite Clark, Max Figman, Lolita Robertson, Mrs. Leslie Carter, James O'Neill, Lois Meredith, Maclyn Arbuckle, Robert Edeson, Elsie Janis and Bessie Barriscale.

With the exception of the Figmans', who were appearing in their own company, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, who was featured in "DuBarry," by the Tiffany Film Company, all of these noted stars were being featured on the Paramount program. Then came B. A. Rolfe, who, in the short time spent in Los Angeles starred Emily Stevens in "Cora," Valli Valli in "The High Road," and Orrin Johnson and Olive Wyndham in "Fighting Bob."

Came the invasion of the motion picture field by Oliver Morosco, the manager who came out of the West two years ago and surprised bored New York theatre-goers with three big successes. Morosco started producing in the Bosworth, Inc., studio, and immediately signed up such stars as Maud Allan, the dancer of international fame, who appeared in "The Rug Maker's Daughter," Fritzi Scheff in "Pretty Mrs. Smith," Elsie Janis in a series of clever farces written by the versatile lady herself, Maclyn Arbuckle in his greatest success "The County Chairman," by George Ade, and Lenore Ulrich of "Bird of Paradise" fame in several plays.

Arbuthnot

CONSTANCE COLLIER
Who went to California to act for the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company

Such lesser lights as Charles Ruggles, Louis Bennison, Forrest Stanley and Herbert Standing appeared in their support.

WITH the entry of David Wark Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennett into the feature game there began an exodus of Thespians from New York the like of which has never been known in theatrical annals. In a few weeks' time Los Angeles became more and more cosmopolitan, until to-day the tourist from the East, as he strolls along the Rialto, rubs his eyes with amazement. He recognizes so many well-known artists that he imagines he is back in New York.

Following John Emerson and Thomas Jefferson, who had enjoyed previous screen experience, came the favorite American juvenile, Douglas Fairbanks, to the Griffith banner. And before the Triangle program made its début at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York, such names as DeWolf Hopper, Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall, Helen Ware, Orrin Johnson, Paul Gilmore, Sarah Truax, Jane Grey, and Rozsika Dolly had been added to the new Fine Arts Films forces. Of the latter Helen Ware had previously done features for the World Film Company in the East, and for Universal here; and Orrin Johnson who had appeared with Rolfe and the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

To date Douglas Fairbanks has scored big hits in "The Lamb," "Double Trouble," "His Picture in the Papers," with John Emerson.

Tully Marshall and Thomas Jefferson won laurels in "The Sable Lorcha," and the latter has also appeared in "The Penitentes," with Orrin Johnson and Paul Gilmore. Roszika Dolly scored a hit in "The Lily and the Rose." Frank Campeau has again given one of his famous 'bad man' characterizations in "Jordan Is a Hard Road," and John Emerson has appeared in "The Failure," and "The Scarlet Band." Dainty Marie Doro achieved new success in "The Wood Nymph"; Helen Ware did well in "Cross Currents," a Fine Arts Films feature; and Jane Grey and Sarah Truax were warmly welcomed.

ONE can readily see that noon hour at the Fine Arts Films studio looks like a session of the Lambs Club, with jovial DeWolf Hopper, who provided hearty laughs for film lovers with his characterization of the erratic hero of Cervantes' masterpiece, "Don Quixote," presiding.

And if the curious would have visited the Keystone studio during the last few months they would have seen some of the best-loved fun-makers in the United States hard at work doing falls, throwing pies and other athletic diversions. Think of Lew Fields and Joe Weber, Willie Collier, Sam Bernard, and Hale Hamilton all together. And not so long ago Eddie Foy and Raymond Hitchcock were adding their merry jests to the fun of the day. We beg pardon for forgetting the seven little Foys. Studio lovers say it was just like the old days when Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand were cavorting on the lot.

Journeying to the remaining power of the Triangle program one comes to Inceville, situated in the canyon, overlooking Santa Monica Bay. This picturesque location is now only used for Western features with William S. Hart in the leading rôles. The new location is at Culver City, a suburb of Los Angeles in reality, and much more accessible than the Sea Side camp. But it was in the mountain studio that William S. Hart and Bessie Barriscale, the pioneer stars at Inceville, and the fellow players made Ince features famous.

PROBABLY the best Ince capture of the season was Billie Burke, whose arrival in Inceville was heralded far and wide. Producer Ince spent an enormous sum in featuring Miss Burke as well as preparing luxurious quarters for her. Nor did Mr. Ince rest until Frank Keenan was also signed up for a long period, following his fine performance in "The Coward."

EDNA GOODRICH

Witzel MARY BOLAND

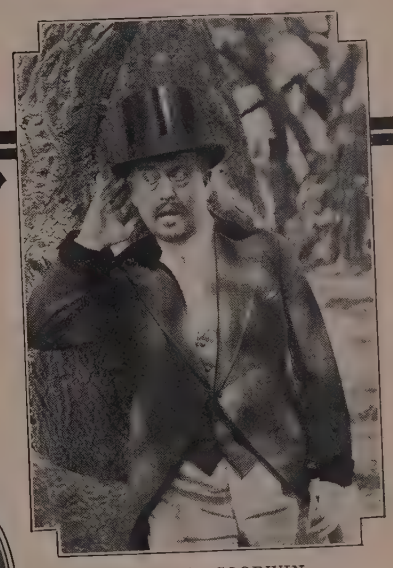
Lorillard JULIA DEAN

Hoover ALICE DOVEY

© Dupont GERALDINE FARRAR

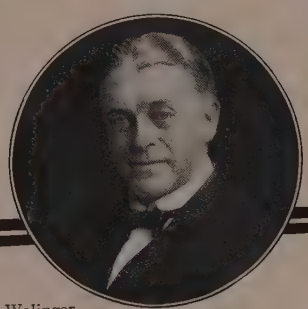
© Hartsook CHARLOTTE WALKER

© Hartsook BILLIE BURKE



NAT C. GOODWIN

Witzel BRUCE McRAE



Walinger CYRIL MAUDE

Moffett
DONALD BRIAN

© Hartsook
LAURA HOPE CREWS

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

James & Bushnell
LENORE ULRICH

THEODORE ROBERTS

Hartsook
LEW FIELDS, SAM BERNARD AND JOE WEBER

DISTINGUISHED BROADWAY PLAYERS WHO HAVE ACTED FOR CALIFORNIA FILM PRODUCER

Mary Boland, Bruce McRae, Willard Mack, H. B. Warner, Dorothy Dalton and William Thompson have all appeared in Ince features, while Katharine Kaelred, Henry Woodruff, Orrin Johnson and Julia Dean have done one or two dramas. Bessie Barriscale is held by a long time contract.

THE Universal Company has not catered to the demand for prominent Thespians to appear in leading rôles, although quite a few stars have appeared in Universal Broadway features. The most ambitious picture attempted by Universal was the production of "Fenella, the Dumb Girl of Portici," starring Anna Pavlowa, the internationally famed danseuse. Helen Ware has done "The Lass O' Lowries"; Henrietta Crosman made her début in "The Faddist," while Tyrone Power lent his ripe art to several big photoplays.

With rare skill Nat Goodwin registered his quiet comedy in two Universal feature pictures, and Digby Bell gave us "Father and the Boys," the successful George Ade comedy. George Fawcett, Marie Tempest and Edna Aug, the dainty vaudevillian, have also appeared. The dapper Carter De Haven and his equally clever wife, Flora Parker, met with instantaneous success in "The College Orphan," and signed a Universal contract.

Tyrone Power, Otis Harlan and Harry Mestayer appeared in Selig Blue Ribbon feature pictures, and in Santa Barbara May Allison, an ingénue with a stage reputation, was featured by the American Company. Richard Bennett also produced "Damaged Goods" at the American studio in Santa Barbara, and has returned to star in several features.

Referring to the fortunes of the companies releasing on the Paramount program we find a galaxy of stars. Greatest of these in film importance was Geraldine Farrar, who achieved unquestioned success in "Carmen."

JESSY LASKY and the DeMilles have been a power in the feature film world. Since their entry into the feature programs with Dustin Farnum, Theodore Roberts, Robert Edeson, Winifrid Kingston, and Lois Meredith in leading rôles they have added many artists to their studio. Pedro de Cordoba played opposite Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and the other two features she appeared in, namely "Maria Rosa," and "The Temptation."

Marguerite Clark was borrowed from the Famous Players for one picture entitled "The Goose Girl." Ina Claire appeared in "The Wild Goose Chase"; Donald Brian registered success in "The Voice in the Fog," and Lou Tellegen won his film spurs in "The Explorer" and "The Unknown." After finishing "The Marriage of Kitty," Fannie Ward again returned to motion picture work with her leading man, Jack Dean, and scored heavily in "The Cheat" and other features. Film fans know that those eminent stage favorites, Charlotte Walker and Laura Hope Crews brought their dramatic skill to the fore instantly. "Kindling," the stage success, and "Out of Darkness," were Miss Walker's starring vehicles in screen work; Miss Crews appeared in "The Fighting Hope," and "Blackbirds."

Edna Goodrich, of Nat Goodwin fame, made her film début under the Lasky direction. Frank Reicher directs, and James Neill, Mae Murray and others are well known members of the stock company.

WHEN California film lovers think of the Famous Players they think of Mary Pickford, for the "sweetheart of the movies" was featured at that studio when it was located in Los Angeles. She had a few rivals, however, for to-day Marguerite Clark, who acted in California for the Paramount, is running close to Miss Pickford in the race for popularity.

Alice Dovey, the comic opera queen, who has been appearing in the popular success, "Very Good Eddie," David Powell and George Anderson were residents of the City of Lost Angels while working at the Famous Players' studio.

For many years the Pacific Coast has needed a producing centre in things theatrical. The motion picture has solved the problem.

$100,000 FOR PHOTO PLAY IDEAS

Famous Players Film Company Makes a Record Breaking Announcement to Authors

THE most remarkable monetary offer ever made in theatrical circles has been announced by the Famous Players Film Company in its offer of $1,000 each for one hundred scenario ideas, making a total of $100,000 to be spent for photoplay material.

There have been a number of scenario contests conducted by film producers in which prizes were offered for the winning scripts, the remaining ideas which were submitted being purchased at a nominal figure. In this case, however, the producers are definitely committed to pay $1,000 for every idea which is accepted and no script which is not worth this amount will be purchased. Inasmuch as the Famous Players desire only to have authors of recognized ability submit ideas, the announcements are appearing only in large national magazines of the highest literary standards.

PAULINE FREDERICK IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS' PHOTOPLAY "THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE"

THERE are numerous restrictions placed on the type of story to be submitted. The company specifically states in its $100,000 offer that it desires to avoid lurid pictures, political, controversial, or religious stories. But the fact that it has accepted and produced many successful pictures with such stars as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Hazel Dawn, and others equally prominent, and that these photoplays have come within the limits of the restrictions, proves conclusively that they can be met.

The announcement of this offer does not mean that the Famous Players will discontinue the adaptation of stage plays in which it has been so successful in the past. The chief object of the revolutionary step in the procuring of screen material is a desire to establish direct contact with the best imaginative brains of the country in a permanent association. As the offer in no way partakes of the nature of a contest or a prize remuneration, there is nothing to prevent any one author from earning the entire $100,000 if he or she has 100 motion picture ideas which are worth that.

THE great injustice in a prize scenario contest lies in the fact that each author submits only one script," declared Adolph Zukor, the president of the Famous Players Film Company in discussing the announcement. "If that script does not win a prize, he gets practically nothing out of it as he is offered a merely nominal figure for his script if it is at all acceptable. That is to say, he must gamble on an 'all or nothing' basis, knowing that only one or two lucky ones will be declared the winners. Our proposition is a simple, straightforward business matter of paying a high price for any script that we accept. We are not asking anyone to gamble on the fact that nobody else will submit a script that is better than his. If it is worth $1,000 we want it. If it is not, we will not accept it, but the acceptance or rejection will be based solely on the intrinsic merit of the idea and not upon its relative value as compared with that of some other writer.

I think it is the fairest method of selection and gives the author a far more desirable opportunity than does any prize contest which has ever been devised."

© Strauss Peyton

ANNA CASE

ANNA CASE is the most picturesque member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Likewise one of the youngest and most beautiful. Miss Case came out of New Jersey. Furthermore she came out of a blacksmith's shop. Her father was a blacksmith of South Branch, N. J. She went about the neighborhood and collected his bills. When he was absent from the shop it was his beautiful young daughter Anna who worked at the anvil. She says she owes much of her fine chest development to that early exercise. After the discovery of her voice by Manager Dippel her father sternly opposed her joining the opera forces. He believed they were allied with the devil. But when, after six years, she returned to the home town and sang at a concert in the church in which she had once been a choir member he forgave her. It was the encore number, Annie Rooney, that softened his heart. Miss Case's dramatic soprano voice has received all of its training in this country.

The Renaissance of True Comic Opera

Musical farce comedy depending upon slapstick fun, pretty girls and ragtime has had its day and tuneful operettas employing trained singers are bound to take its place.

By Lew Fields

I WAS talking, a few nights ago, with a noted educator—a man to whom, as the head of a great university, men of thought and action are always glad to listen.

If you ask me why I was chatting with a man whose line is so far from my own, I can only say that a comedian cannot afford to be too particular about his associates—he never knows where he may hear a new line or capture a fresh joke.

Is my apology accepted? And am I forgiven if I confess that some of my closest friends are of the class called "highbrow"?

Well, then, as I was saying, it was in conversation with a college president, that my attention was seriously drawn to the unmistakable signs that a renaissance of that sterling form of entertainment—the comic opera, is surely not far away. From comic operas like "Erminie," "Fliedermaus," "The Black Hussar," "Robin Hood," and the masterpieces of Offenbach and von Suppé, we have travelled very far. And that fabled creature, "The Tired Business Man," has borne the blame which high browed critics have showered upon musical comedy, and musical farce, during the past two decades.

© White

LEW FIELDS

AS long as human nature is human nature, man will demand a chance to laugh in the theatre.

Shakespeare knew this, just as well as Harry B. Smith or Lew Dockstader. But laugh fashions change like the styles in hats.

There was a day when an allusion to mothers-in-law or the pretty stenographer was good for a big laugh in any show. There was a day, when a false abdomen was certain to make a hit, and a well applied slap stick was a riot. Audiences howled with delight when a comedian was soundly thrashed and fell down stairs, and an ensanguined nose was cheered to the echo by enchanted crowds. But that day waned.

Then came the hour of the *revue*. Modesty forbids me to boast that the finest flower of that type of entertainment bloomed at the old music hall next to Daly's in the days of the Weberfields.

Expanded to take in all the plays of a season, instead of one or two, the *revue* is still popular, and will be so, I trust, for many seasons. But the musical farce comedy, which depends for its popularity upon slap stick fun, pretty girls, and ragtime, has had its day.

The vogue of opulent scenery with whirling masses of expensively attired maidens has also held high place in the esteem of the well-known "tired business man," since I had the honor of introducing "The Midnight Sons," in which the songs of Miss Blanche Ring, and such comedy as I was able to provide with eminent aid, were secondary to the novelty of Belasco effects in stage investiture and the gorgeously garbed and superlatively beauteous show girl.

ALL of these types of entertainment held their own without the presence in the cast if the prima donna, with her "big number," or the handsome tenor with the spotlight and love duo. And it has come about that a fine prima donna for musical comedy has become almost as extinct as the dodo bird.

And why? Because there was no place for her on the stage?

Not altogether, but partly, for that reason, and partly because while the tired business man clamored for low comedy, high scenery and a big chorus, audiences languished in their appreciation for top notes and sentimental ditties. Comic songs, preferably in dialect, were allotted to comedians and singing soubrettes, at the points in the performance where formerly every librettist had politely stood aside and given place to the "great number" of the prima donna.

LEW FIELDS
In "Step This Way" at the Shubert

This change in the structure of the musical piece came about, not solely by reason of a growing taste for comic ditties on the part of the tired business man, but because the sterling comic opera prima donna of the old days, suddenly awoke to the fact that the modern writers of grand opera—the Dubussys, the Charpentiers, and even the Puccinis were writing scores which were within the possibilities of their musical training. The day when it took six or seven years at least for the development and training of voices for the Metropolitan Opera House, came to its *dammerung*, when there arose a tribe of young singers who scorned the lyric difficulties of Bellini, of Meyerbeer, of Beethoven's "Fidelio," of Wagner, of Rossini, and even of Verdi and Gounod.

"OLD fashioned," they called these masters, and away flew the song birds of comic opera to clamor at the doors of grand opera and to warble the ditties of the new composers, filling out their vocal shortcomings with amazing capers which they called "acting." But the public, as admitted by my eminent friend, Gatti-Casazza, is tiring of a grand opera that is no longer grand, and of singers in grand opera who lack the training due their art.

This is good for the popularity of genuine comic opera. And I predict that very shortly we shall have a renaissance of the old school of entertainment that is opera and still is comic.

For more than two years I have been looking for such a piece to produce.

The big stages of our enormous opera houses are ill-fitted for the production of the "intimate" opera such as are advantageously cast with prima donnas only lately recruited from the chorus or from the supporting casts in musical comedy, and the light, laughing operas that have recently formed part of the repertoire at the great houses in America and in Europe, will naturally gravitate to the lesser theatres. This will help in the revival of true comic opera.

DO not understand me to underrate nor deprecate the funny comedian, in my happiness in welcoming back the prima donna to the theatre. There is always room for the legitimate, genuine comedian, and men who have been amusing as low comedians—the Hitchcocks, the Francis Wilsons, the Joseph Webers, the Richard Carles will come into their own, believe me with new laurels, when true comic opera returns to our theatre.

And not only will the renaissance of comic opera bring fresh glory for the comedian, and restore the sceptre to the prima donna, but it will be fruitful of high reward for the authors.

The composer who has not to halt the flight of his musical imagination to fit a ragtime ditty into his score—the author who may contrive a plot and develop it unhampered, in short the men who can write a story and set it to music with only the ideas of being amusing and being musical, will certainly hail the opportunity the new *régime* will bring.

AND we have not far to look for the author or the musician who shall do this desirable thing. Have we not among us to-day such men as Friml and his brothers in the group of young men who are ready by talent and training to write worthy music to worthy themes? And among the older composers are there not de Koven and Victor Herbert? Are there not William Furst and Gustave Kerker still at the meridian of their powers? And are there not available to the hand of the coming librettist scores of that master of melody Gustav Luders still unset to words.

And the young men who shall write the books of these gay and lilting operas—haven't we more than enough of Avery Hopwoods, of Henry Blossoms, of Oliver Herfords, of Rida Johnson Youngs to go around?

I look then for the development of a class of men who shall do for America what Offenbach and von Suppé, what Halévy and Strauss did for Paris and Vienna; what Balfe and Gilbert and Sullivan did for England. The public is waiting for the men who shall do that for the stage.

THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY

Photo White

Sincerely Yours
Victor Herbert

A CAMILLE OF THE SCREEN

Clara Kimball Young, a Film Favorite Who is Acting Stage Classics for the Movies

THE popularity of Clara Kimball Young has increased steadily since she left the stage in 1912 to become a photoplay actress. The prestige of this gifted player, with those who see pictures and those who make them, has not been affected by the craze for stage celebrities. During the past year of severe competition, a year that has brought the likenesses of many stage stars to the screen and has seen the decline of many reputations made in the early days of pictures, Miss Young has maintained a position second to none as the star of a producing company that presents renowned players in feature films. In the brief history of photoplays there is no more striking instance of the reward for painstaking effort, backed, of course, by an exceptional aptitude for expressing emotions.

Of Miss Young's qualifications little need be said. Her beauty lends itself admirably to reproduction on the screen. She has glorious brown eyes, a sensitive face that instinctively betrays the mood of the moment and a lithe, girlish figure. But for all Miss Young's good fortune in physical attributes, one must look deeper in accounting for her remarkable success. The interesting feature of her career is not what she had to begin with, rather how she placed every natural advantage at the disposal of a new art.

IN the course of a half hour's chat, Miss Young gave the clue to success where others have failed (and among these others are some of our most popular stage favorites) when she said that from the first she had regarded acting before the camera as something very difficult and quite dissimilar from acting on the stage.

"My going into pictures was entirely unexpected," she remarked, "for I was doing very well on the stage. I was playing with the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia, and never thought of making a change until J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitagraph Company sent for me. A friend of mine, then with Vitagraph, had shown him one of my photographs and he insisted that my face was just made for pictures. I went to see him and he was very encouraging. Having been impressed by the big future offered in photoplays, I asked what my salary would be and he replied twenty-five dollars a week. As I was getting just four times that amount from the Orpheum Stock the offer was a bit disconcerting.

"'Twenty-five dollars to start,' Mr. Blackton repeated, 'but you know some of our leading women are being paid two hundred and fifty.'

"How soon will I be a leading woman?" I asked. 'That depends entirely upon yourself,' he answered, and we agreed on twenty-five a week."

IN a surprisingly short time Miss Young was playing leads in dramatic and comedy photoplays in a studio that has developed a great number of accomplished screen players, for the Biograph, under D. W. Griffith and the Vitagraph, under A. E. Smith and Mr. Blackton, were easily the leaders in those days. Mistaken notions about the requirements of effective screen acting are so prevalent that it may be interesting to hear Miss Young recount what she had to learn, likewise what she had to forget of her stage training.

"One frequently hears the word 'posing' used

White

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG AS CAMILLE

in connection with picture work," she said, "and that, of course, is entirely wrong. From beginning to end, screen performances demand action, mental as well as physical. I never forget the advice Mr. Blackton gave me before my first picture. 'Get a thorough comprehension of the character you are interpreting; try to let the thoughts of the character pass through your mind as you are playing a scene; then move and speak naturally and the result will be natural.'

YOU see," Miss Young continued, "interpretation of this kind calls for imagination on the part of the player, unlike that exercised in the spoken drama. A picture actress, if she hopes to get anywhere, must be able to build up a character as she goes along. On the stage she speaks the lines written by the playwright; in the studio she must learn to improvise.

"In accounting for the ineffectiveness of some of our gifted stage players when presented in a photoplay, I think the real cause of failure often is overlooked. It is not the lack of what is called a good picture face, or that there is some vague deficiency in personality; it is simply that they are unaccustomed to taking the skeleton of a character and making it a full-blooded human being with thoughts and the words to express them. After one is trained in the method of the stage, where the dramatist supplies the dialogue and the 'business' is carefully prearranged, it is not easy to acquire the habit of filling in the blank spaces left by the scenario writer.

WORDS are necessary to pictures even if they are not heard. A player aiming at sincere portrayal, learns to supply words suitable to the feelings of the character under the circumstances outlined in the story. Because a scene may be photographed in a couple of minutes does not mean easy preparation. To play it so that the emotion registers, one should have a full comprehension of the story in its entirety, of the value of that particular scene and of the probable mental and emotional reactions of the character. I always try to feel a scene, and words, facial expressions and gestures are the natural outcome of my feelings."

MISS YOUNG then went on to discuss one of the greatest drawbacks to artistic, careful workmanship, the necessity for turning out a certain number of reels each month in order to meet the demands of a program. "If audiences only realized the pressure under which we frequently are forced to make pictures they would be more tolerant of small slips," she continued. "Business does not await the pleasure of art, or rather I should say, it did not under the old order of things, which fortunately is changing. Nowadays when a producer has a big picture in mind he generally manages to arrange a free schedule for the director and players. When I was still with World Film and preparing to act 'Camille' I worked with the author of the scenario and the director for weeks before the first scene was photographed. Whenever we disagreed on a matter of costuming, staging, or the acting of a scene, the question was fully discussed, and I think the production benefited considerably by these consultations." Incidentally, it may be remarked, that Miss Young's Camille ranks among the best screen characterizations.

Soon after the completion of this notable picture, Miss Young realized an honor such as has come to few players, that of having a company formed on the strength of her reputation and for the exploitation of the productions in which she appears. Early in July the product of the new concern was seen in the leading theatres throughout the country. Several pictures have been made already, for it is planned to have a supply on hand that will eliminate the need for haste in preparing photoplays. Care, not speed, is their watchword.

LYNDE DENIG.

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Those who like Franco-American Soups—and they are legion—find it convenient to order it by the case for their summer homes. It is easier to jot an order to your grocer than to fuss about making the soup at home. Moreover, it would require an elaborate kitchen indeed and *our own chefs* to produce for you such delightfully French soups as these.

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Unwritten Stage History

(*Continued from page 81*)

was hurrying him to his fate. When he embarked for London she was his traveling companion.

The woman was long past girlhood. Her physical attractions were negative, and there was nothing in her mental equipment that would supposedly attract a man of Montgomery's brilliant parts.

Yet from the deck of that steamer, in mid-ocean, he tore himself from her embrace, and with no other witness save the stars, he plunged to his death.

And so through the centuries the great Mystery Play is again and again re-enacted. It is drama as old as sex, and its riddle is as unsolvable to-day as when Antony and that dusky Wanton kissed away an empire.

"Happy Ending" Problem

(*Continued from page 84*)

"The Easiest Way" may be made universally satisfying—with the stroke of one pen. Now "Maternité" and "Bought and Paid For" can be of the greatest mutual assistance. Now "The Faith Healer" and "The Miracle Man" can cure each other. One can even imagine a few daring spirits sitting through both last acts for the sake of the sensation. And Mr. Shaw can issue a volume under the title, "Plays: Pleasant *or* Unpleasant."

The endless further possibilities and advantages of this revolutionary proposal I leave to the sympathetic imagination of my reader. To detail them all would take volumes. I shall add only that—in a spirit of anti-quackery—I have refrained from seeking copyright on my idea. I offer it freely and without claim for royalty to the American producer. May he make the most of it.

Columbia Records

Columbia Records have caught the fervent exaltation of the "Marseillaise" and "Le Pere La Victoire" sung by Rothier, greatest of French bassos, on his return as a wounded soldier from "somewhere in France." And Columbia Records are making a reality of the other dream also, with Graveure's beautiful baritone uplifted in the sacred strains of "Abide With Me" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Even more the realization of a dream of music is Casals' miraculous 'cello playing in Saint-Säens' "Allegro Appassionato" and Haydn's "Minuet in C Major," and Kathleen Parlow's musicianship in two brilliant violin compositions, Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" and Svendsen's original "Romance."

The Columbia Record list for August furnishes other artistic delights in the playing of the Zoellner String Quartette, Salzedo's performance on the harp, superb orchestral renderings of the Tartar Ballet from "Prince Igor" and Flotow's "Overture to Martha," and two Tosti airs by the Taylor Trio, the well-known "My Dreams" and "Beauty's Eyes." Equally good are the "Berceuse" from "Jocelyn" and Gabriel-Marie's "La Cinquantaine," marvelously played on his Stradivarius by Jules Falk, the concert-violinist, and the clever orchestration of the "Bells of St. Malo," and Massenet-Kietschmer's "Aubade" by Prince's favorite orchestra. *Advt.*

Anna Held Returns to Broadway

E. H. Kaufmann, President of the National Cinema Syndicate, Inc., announces that he has finally concluded arrangements whereby Anna Held will appear at one of the Broadway theatres early in the coming season, in a musical review in conjunction with and under the direction of the Shubert enterprises.

The New Plays

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1916." Musical production in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Otto Motzan. Produced on June 22nd with this cast:

Father Time, James Clemons; Year 1916, Fred Walton; Justice, Billie DeHon; Year 1917, George Baldwin; The Devil, William Dunn; War, Guy Collins; Uncle Sam, William Harper; The High Brow Dramatist, William Healy; Charlie Chaplin, Bud Murray; La Cherie, Elida Morris; An Apache, James Clemons; A Grisette, Ruth Randall; Mizzi, Stella Hoban; A Chauffeur, James Hussey; Guy Speeder, Jack Boyle; Lady Style, Frances Demarest; Ed. Wynn, Himself; Jean, Saranoff; Lady Bluff Gordon, Florence Moore; Roosevelt, William H. Philbrick; Hughes, Andrew Harper; Miss Auto, Miss Mobile, Ford Sisters; Rosalind, Dolly Hackett; Helen, Thamara Swirskaia; Cressida, Ma-Belle.

The aim of these big entertainments, after the manner of the Passing Shows, is to give the best of the kind procurable at any price. As a matter of course and custom dancing youth is a material feature of the Show. Any description of the occasion and nature of these dances would not convey the charm that exists only for the passing moment. The artistic designs of the dances represent many fanciful conceptions and uncommon skill in the use of the material made up of color, lights, movement, gayety, grace, youth. In short, these dances are the product of many minds and many qualities. It is a feature to which Passing Shows invite you. One does not go to them for intellectual stimulants, but for amusement or entertainment. Now and then a number will fall short of the purpose, but as these people are not passing a civil service examination for life tenure in some office, we are not inclined to be overcritical or exacting, for there is so much of good in it all that a drowsy moment or so is of small consequence, Why any serious and acrimonious argument as to whether or not Ed. Wynn is as amusing as he should be? He has a sketch called "Modern Garage," in which he potters over automobiles amusingly, with hammerings and explosions; he takes a blind man for a prospective customer, and by turning an electric fan on him so that the wind blows through his whiskers persuades him that he has given him a ride through the town. Is it funny? Well, not highly perhaps, but why distress yourself about it? There are so many other things in the Show. There are two acts and eight scenes in each. The first act closes with a cavalry charge invented by Lincoln C. Carter and "built under his personal supervision." A body of horsemen, on dummy horses, are coming at speed toward the footlights on a treadmill. It is possible that Mr. Carter should personally supervise this scene again. It is fairly effective but not sensationally so. Ed. Wynn is much funnier than it is thrilling. It has merits. One of them is that it is over very quickly. The travesty of Shakespeare, "Capulet's Garden," has its points. Florence Moore, capital in comedy as Portia, is dominating in several of the sketches, notably as Lady Bluff Gordon in the dressmaking establishment sketch. An odd meeting ground it was for Roosevelt, Wilson and Hughes, fairly well presented by Philbrick, Walton and Harper. The nearest approach to the Naked Truth in the evening's entertainment was in this sketch. Current plays and characters were travested. Many of the songs and choruses are spirited. If there is something of the old there is more of the new in "The Passing Show of 1916." The scores of names and details are too numerous for individual mention. The Passing Shows, as produced in New York, are too big to successfully minimize by any manner of criticism.

When Judges Were Judged

(*Continued from page* 82)

Hamlet made his entrance.

Meanwhile, the conversation went fast and furious.

"'Pon my word,'" drawled Ethel Barrymore to her brother Jack. "I was never so happy as when that Heywood Broun, the one-time baseball writer, announced he was to play Ophelia. It will be sweet revenge to criticise his acting."

Jack turned to Leo Ditrichstein who was sitting near him. "Well, what do you think of 'em?"

"To—to tell the truth," muttered Ditrichstein. "I can't quite make up my mind. Suppose we go out in the lobby and consult the others. That's what regular critics do. Why shouldn't we?"

"Not a bad idea," Jack agreed.

A few rows away sat William Courtenay and Laurette Taylor.

"I intend to hiss that Alan Dale," she said with grim determination. "I shall wait until he makes his entrance; then I shall hiss."

"What have you got against him?" laughed Courtenay.

"He wrote that my dog Michael had fleas," she said tearfully. "I wash Michael every day and it isn't true."

"I got a worse grudge against him that that," growled Courtenay. "When he saw 'Under Fire' he said that my Irish brogue was about as genuine as Georgie Cohan's love for the American flag. Isn't that a real insult?"

Just then Julia Sanderson broke into the conversation.

"Donald and Joe are having the time of their lives," she said pointing to where they were sitting. "George Jean Nathan said that I could always draw a full house but that Donald and Joe were only a pair and without me they could never stay in the pot. I think the boys are going to throw something—eggs, perhaps,"

By this time, Barrymore and Ditrichstein had returned. They looked uncomfortable. Ethel turned to her brother. "What is the verdict?"

"Haven't decided yet," he answered. "Herz insists that when dramatic critics play 'Hamlet' it is a comedy and as such we should praise their performance."

The curtain rose for the second act. Percy Hammond, of Chicago, who had come on especially to play the part of Laertes, tripped and fell flat on his face. It was not what the actors call repose, but everything went all right until Clayton Hamilton at the end of the act attempted to make a curtain speech.

"Keep in your character," someone called out.

"Where did you get that costume?" shouted another.

"No curtain speeches," tittered a third.

"Save it for your criticisms," suggested a well-known actress.

Seeing he could not make himself heard, Hamilton left the stage in high dudgeon, whereupon the conversation and laughter became even more general. Suddenly Alan Dale and George Jean made their appearance as the two grave diggers.

At once arose a storm of hisses.

"Walk properly."

"Stand up straight."

"Throw your voice better.

"Speak distinctly."

His feelings outraged, Alan Dale approached the footlights.

"I must insist," he said with dignity," that——

"No extemporizing," warned Barrymore.

"Stick to your lines," said Herz.

The noise grew in such volume that the curtain was hastily rung down. The audience at once demanded that it rise again but nothing could induce the critics to finish the performance.

"And to think I came all the way from Chicago to be insulted!" Percy Hammond wailed.

"I know who started it," said Alan Dale fiercely. "Wait until I get another chance at Ralph Herz and Jack Barrymore."

In the lobby, the committee was holding a conference. Finally it was determined to draw up this report:

"The actors who were to render an opinion of the acting of 'Hamlet' by the critics feel that their brothers and sisters expressed their unanimous opinion when they laughed the critics off the stage. Nothing more need be added."

Suddenly Harry Lauder rushed into the theatre, and seeing Jack Barrymore hastened to him.

"Hoot, mon," Lauder said sorrowfully, "I just was told the play was free. Why dinya tell me?"

Box-Office Salesmanship

"How long would your business or mine last with a bunch of theatre box-office nuts at the point of contact between you and the public? Ever study 'em? Of course, you have. Ever see one look pleasant? Ever notice one look you in the eye? Ever hear one say 'Thank you'? Ever know one to give you any information without prying it out of him? Ever see one that acted like he wasn't doing you a favor by letting you buy a seat? Suppose you are a stranger and ask the prices. He'll say, 'Fifty, seventy-five, dollar, dollar-half.' He never volunteers to tell you where those prices admit you. You ask him that. He looks bored and tells you. Does he volunteer to tell you what he has to sell you? Oh, no. You then ask him where he can place you. Finally you make a purchase, all trembling with excitement, and he shoves a ticket out to you like he'd like to bite you, all the while looking straight over your head at the wall beyond, his face like the Sphinx. Then, when you go around next week (if you have the nerve), the guy looks at you as much as to say, 'What! you here again? I thought I was through with you. You're getting to be a regular nuisance. Take that.' And he gives you a ticket in the twenty-fourth row for next Saturday a week, and then just then a chicken dressed in skirts barely covering her kneecaps, white spats, a velvet turban and white furs adroitly slipped aside to show an astonishing expanse of thorax—buys a ticket for the fourth row on the same night.

"I say, how long would your business last if you entertained the same attitude toward the public that seems to prevail at theatres?

"But, of course, you don't have to go to theatres. If you don't like the way they treat you, you can stay at home. Sure! This is a free country."—From *Judicious Advertising.*

To Give "Gamblers All"

Percy Burton has made arrangements with the Shuberts to present "Gamblers All" in one of their theatres here about the middle of November. The play is a melodrama by May Martindale, and was originally produced by the late Lewis Waller at Wyndham's Theatre, London, in June, 1915. It was to have been presented here last season with Lewis Waller and Madge Titheradge in their original rôles, but the death of Mr. Waller last November interfered with these plans.

Thomas Wise has been engaged for the leading rôle in "Coat Tales," a three-act farce by Edward Clark, which Arthur Hammerstein will produce at the Cort Theatre on July 31st. Louise Dresser will be seen in the principal feminine part. Others in the cast will be Margaret Green, Constance Molineux, William Boyd, Richard Tabor, and John Sharkey.

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OLIVER TYPEWRITER BUILDING, CHICAGO

You can rent an Oliver Typewriter three months for $4.00

Stage Beauty in Breeches

(*Continued from page 75*)

Canada—connected the frontiers of two great territories and welded the interests of two strange and hitherto unlike factors of life. She has breeched the breach.

Old timers say that breeches on the stage to-day are not what they were in the past. That may be so, but it is difficult to be persuaded that the wearers of contemporary pants are less graceful or carry themselves less manfully than in a bygone period. Players have undoubtedly changed their methods—all men and women of the stage; the present drama is different from the past, more vital, real, persuasive. But human nature has not changed and the novelty of a woman in male clothing has not yet worn off. If the fair wearers of breeches have been forced to change their manners on the boards they have not been forced to change their breeches. You can cut your cloth to suit your ever-varying coat, but there is only one way to cut your cloth for a pair of breeches; that way is straight up and down. The primitive form was two oblong bags joined side by side and separated halfway down the middle. Civilization has never travelled very far away from that design. Breeches are the most resolutely standardized articles of commerce. Climate has not materially altered their form nor world-wars affected their general ground plan. The old-time theatre-goer will agree with this. He will also agree that Clara Morris and Margaret Mather were a treat to the eye in breeches and that Sadie Martinot in the burlesque "Chow Chow," mimicking the famous Aimee and wearing shorts as "Cupid," was a sight worth seeing.

What a Hall of Pantalooned Fame the women of the American stage would make, from Charlotte Cushman to the skating Charlotte of Hippodrome renown! You can't call the name of any actress of ten decades who hasn't, at some point in her career, worn a pair of breeches in public. Many of the ladies who now appear in eminently polite rôles would rather have us forget this fact. And yet there is no dishonor in having played one's part well even when it has demanded the renunciation of petticoats for the less graceful and more comfortable trouser, long or short. Think of the famous ones from foreign parts who have amused American audiences in rôles that called for pants! Modjeska, Bernhardt, Marie Tempest, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Valerie Bergere, Calvé, Cavaliere—a host of feminine genius and all of them at one time or another pacing the stage in some style of pants. It has been the inescapable fate of the actress in the past and it is not yet a dead issue by any means.

What the woman player owes to the borrowed plumes of her male associate in mimicry, no one ever will be able to rightly estimate. When the patient chronicler of past theatric glories arises from his finished task, we may learn how this or that great star of to-day burst from obscurity into electric heraldry through the magic of a pair of breeches. Lotta Crabtree, once a name as familiar to the crowd as that of Theodore Roosevelt is to-day, rose to footlight glory in a pair of breeches and so did Marie Jansen, Mary Anderson and dear old Mrs. Whiffen. The history of woman's place in the drama is bound up in the rigid and unlovely form of a pair of breeches. Dig down deep enough into the past of every woman star, no matter how dazzling her fame to-day, and you will find some costume shred closely related to the meek and lowly breeks. Breeches are the symbol of histrionic greatness.

Should the Theatre Give Itself Away?

(*Continued from page 68*)

stereotyped manager's idea of amusement. We believe that we are once again to experience the delights of the unknowable, and the unadvertised, and perhaps we do it for a time. The little Bandbox Theatre attracted considerable attention, because it was away from the beaten track, and was apparently interested in the theatre for its own sake. Success came to that venture, and—success meant Broadway! Imagine that! Because this band of enthusiastic players received "favorable mention in the press," it came to Broadway, and took possession of the Comedy Theatre—actually courting the destruction of its own hard-earned illusions. Can it withstand the horrors and rigors of the Great White Way? We shall see.

The theatre must cease to give itself away, to concern itself with its own methods, and to "cut itself open to expose the works." To those who want its mysteries explained, it must be silent and perhaps indignant. Its very life depends upon its illusion, and with the destruction of that, it will be like a ship *minus* a rudder, drifting anywhere, in any direction that reckless and commercial managers may will. The actors must hold themselves aloof from the audience, and the audience must cease to feel other than an artistic interest in the actors. There is no possibility of communication between the two forces. Let us cherish our small illusions. Let us credit real emotion, real tears (actively press-agented as the result of glycerine) and genuine self-forgetfulness. Let us turn in horror even from the curtain speech, and the ignominy of the scene call, and though we may laugh callously at plays that belittle the very art that we have paid to see, let us beware of such mirth, for it means the demise of that art.

Of course, all this is assuming that we take the theatre seriously, which is perhaps a large assumption. Undoubtedly there are a few of us who still do take it seriously, and who will continue to do so, come what may. My appeal is to them. The others are killing their own goose. Upon them rests the responsibility for the slaughter.

ALAN DALE.

From Carmen to Cookery

(*Continued from page 69*)

they certainly were, through a moment's silence while I wondered whether to ask her another question or wait for her to take up the thread of her discourse again.

"Of course," she said, presently; "there is nothing so sweet as the success of youth, and when youth and laughter and music are all on in the same act, so to speak, there's no later triumph, even though it may be a higher success from the standpoint of art, that quite equals that first sweet sip from the cup of—may I call it Fame?"

I am not quite certain, but I believe Miss Tempest sighed as she gave the discreetest possible touch of red to her smiling lips, and requisitioned from her rouge pot a fresh, faint blush for her cheek.

"I believe in looking ugly facts straight in the face, too," she said with a glance so direct that I wondered if she considered interviewers to come under the general term of "ugly facts."

"Do you mean me?" I squeaked, meekly.

Miss Tempest laughed—that infectious, ripple of mirth that sets audiences into chuckles on their own account. "I mean that a wise woman

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knows when sunset is drawing near," she said, cryptically. "The actress who continues to sing after her voice loses the quality that never outlasts her early youth, has no sense of humor, and without that saving sense, what are all other gifts?" That's one reason why I love to-day. One can look at the approaching to-morrows without fear, when she holds her place in the hearts of audiences, not by virtue of the ephemeral charm of girlhood, but by a ripe and experienced art.

There was no mistake about it this time, Miss Tempest sighed with a heaviness and depth that spoke of profoundest gloom. It seemed quite harsh and vulgar to attempt to pierce her sorrow, but I thought of the duty I owe to the reader and begged to know why she looked so sad. "All my life I have tried to eliminate the word art from my conversation, and you have tricked me into saying it three times in one interview," she cried accusingly. "It sounds so banal, so vain, so utterly common."

Evidently it was a moment for changing the drift of conversation.

"Of course you are delighted with the success of 'A Lady's Name,'" I said with a pleasing smirk.

Exit sigh and enter bright and flashing smile.

"Rather," said Miss Tempest, throwing volumes into the word. "But, of course, there's a crumpled roseleaf on my pillow of bliss. They tell me we are likely to continue playing right through the summer, and the things I hear about your American summers——"

Someone has been maligning our climate to the English actress, I expect, for she filled a pause with expressive pantomime indicating torrid waves of calorified air that seemed to blow from the general direction of the inferno. It was rather an awkward moment. With the honor of our national weather bureau at stake I felt I ought to say something, but couldn't gather words to break the silence. "But perhaps we shall have a cool summer," Miss Tempest said, quite hopefully.

After "A Lady's Name," which seems unlikely to need a successor for a couple of seasons, comes Miss Tempest's To-morrow. A happy day when she hopes to appear in a piece even more interesting than any she has ever produced.

"I have two plays waiting for production," she said, with eminent satisfaction beaming on her brow, "one of them by an American author. And, of course, I can never forget that my leap from the yesterday of comic opera to the to-day of legitimate comedy was made over the bridge of two American plays both of which were a joy to play. 'The Truth,' by your Clyde Fitch, touched some very high truths and sounded some profound depths, too. It was a happy experience to present such a piece after years of the banalities of musical comedy. And 'Becky Sharp' was a play from this side the water that I enjoyed with all my heart."

"And to-morrow's play?" I questioned, slyly.

"Do come again in a couple of years and let's talk about it."

Miss Tempest's tone was cordial and her smile was as candid as that of a child, but as I rushed around to the front of the house to see her first entrance, as the heroine of "A Lady's Name," it dawned upon me that possibly an invitation dated two years in the future isn't such a mark of cordial esteem as one would like to earn from the fascinating actress of a musical yesterday, a laughing to-day, and—shall we guess—a seriously emotional to-morrow?

"Papa, what is the difference between a fiddler and a violinist?"

"About three hundred dollars an evening, my child."—*Los Angeles Music Student.*

The Coming Yale Pageant

(Continued from page 76)

of Euclid, a weird old college ceremony in which the students do the snake dance and march in goose step round the body of "Mr. Euclid" and the chief mourners, including "Mrs. Euclid," "Aunty Cedent Euclid," and "Polly Gon Euclid." This is followed by the news of the threatened admission of Kansas as a slave State, and the equipment and sending off of the Kansas Volunteers, followed by the second sad scene of the Pageant, the funeral of Theodore Winthrop, the first Yale man to fall on the Union side in the Civil War.

Next comes a Junior Prom in the hoop skirt period, and the fourth episode in the form of a frieze showing in panels the most notable moments in Yale's recent history and some characteristic college scenes, with the Bicentennial Procession as a climax.

Last comes the great finale, the retrospect of all that has gone before, and the showing forth of what Yale is giving to the world at present. She comes, a symbolical figure, drawn by white oxen with silver chains, surrounded by her nine departments and accompanied by her most famous graduates with the inventions, works, and discoveries that they have given to science and art.

Associated with Mr. Markoe in carrying out this mammoth spectacle is Mr. Dennis Cleugh, the English actor and producer, and Mrs. Cleugh as Mistress of the Robes. The latter is possibly as interesting an Englishwoman as ever exercised her varied talents in America.

Aside from the sheer magnitude and beauty of the thing, aside from the fact that it will probably be recorded as the greatest dramatic spectacle the world has ever seen, the Pageant will be truly remarkable in its musical investiture. The Master of Music is Prof. David Stanley Smith, who will conduct the huge band of about 150 musicians and the chorus of several hundred. Not often in the history of music have seven men collaborated on a single work, yet this is true of the Pageant music.

The twenty-one authors of the Pageant include, besides Mr. Markoe, such men as Lee Wilson Dodd, Brian Hooker, T. Lawrason Riggs, William Rose Benet, and Simeon Eben Baldwin.

Victor Records

A particularly timely addition to the new Victor Records for July is made by Enrico Caruso who contributes the spirited song of love and war, "My Bride Shall Be My Flag."

Good news for lovers of Lauder lyrics. The King of Vaudeville is back with two rollicking numbers, "Bonnie Maggie Tamson" and "The R-o-t-a-r-y."

Schumann-Heink contributes an appealing song by Carl Loewe in glorification of mother love. A theme which this artist would approach *con amore* is handled with a tenderness and sincerity which should create a big demand for this record. Emilio de Gogorza offers Mattei's ballad, "'Tis Not True." Sophie Braslau in "Birds in the Night" presents a lullaby.

Following closely on the heels of her success in June with "The Mocking Bird," Alma Gluck contributes Carl Zeller's "Nightingale Song" from the Tyrolean, with bird voices by Charles Kellogg. Julia Culp submits an interesting old Handel air which was introduced into "Israel in Egypt" by Siegfried Ochs, the famous Berlin conductor.

Emmy Destinn is heard in "Love Fly on Rosy Pinions" from Trovatore. Marcel Journet continues his series of patriotic airs. *Advt.*

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Possibly the "Poughkeepsie Service" (June 19th to Sept. 16th) is the most popular one-day trip, as it offers an easy start, a superb steamer and a return on the same boat in the twilight.

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The trip to Newburgh and return is ideal. It passes through the prettiest part of the Hudson, and the time consumed is short enough to make it a real pleasure trip without any of the usual tediousness of a long boat ride. Here is located Washington's Headquarters, a pleasant place to spend a few short hours in its beautiful grounds or among its many historic relics. Downing Park is located at the highest section of the city, and with its magnificent grounds, beautiful flowers and scenery also makes a pleasant place to spend a short time. Cars marked "Balmville" pass South Street, which is two blocks from the park.

The beautiful steamer "Washington Irving" is one of the finest boats on the Hudson, and is cool on the warmest day. *Advt.*

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

THE DRAMATIC INDEX FOR 1915. Frederick W. Faxon, Editor. The Boston Book Co.

The VIIth Annual Volume of a publication which has become indispensable to all who wish to have a complete record of the activities of the stage. It is a book of reference to everything of importance published about important plays, players and authors. Every published play is noted. For the first time some attention is given to the Motion Picture Art and Industry. The book being one of useful details and of reference is well established as filling a need.

SAUL. A tragedy. By the author of Scorpio. Palmetto Press. Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

A play in verse, classic in manner, written by John Armstrong Chaloner. Many of the passages are biblical in text. The varied personal experiences of the author will be remembered by many who will, in consequence, find an interest of curiosity in the tragedy.

THEATRES AND MOTION PICTURE HOUSES. By Arthur S. Meloy. Architects' Supply & Publishing Company, New York.

This volume of 121 pages is a practical treatise on the proper planning and construction of such buildings and contains useful suggestions, rules and data for the benefit of architects and others who are concerned. There are many plans and drawings.

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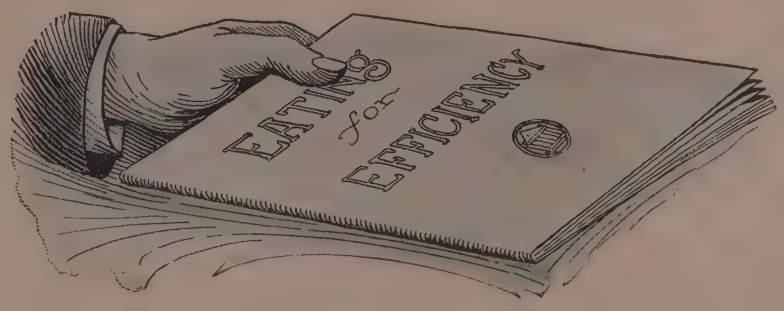

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WE heartily recommend all of the articles mentioned in *Footlight Fashions*. If the question of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archbald. She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase. *Theatre Magazine Shopping Service.*

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

H. B., Memphis, Tenn.—Q.—Please give cast of "The Prince Chap" and date of its première.

A.—"The Prince Chap" was produced at the Madison Square Theatre on September 4, 1905, with the following cast: William Peyton, Cyril Scott; The Earl of Huntington, Cecil DeMille; Marcus Runion, Thomas A. Wise; Ballington, Theodore Terry; Yadder, Albert Perry; Fritz, George Fisher; Alice Travers, Grace Kimball; Mrs. Errington, Florence Conron; Phoebe Puckers, Mary Keogh; Claudia, aged five, Helen Pullman; aged eight, Edith Speare; aged eighteen, Grayce Scott.

L. A. H., Hartford.—Q.—Kindly give me all the information you can about Fritz Leiber. 2. Please give the address of Victor Georg, the photographer.

A.—Fritz Lieber was born in Chicago. He was intended for the ministry, but could not resist the call to the stage. His inches got him an engagement, and his talent and perseverance have kept him there. He secured his first part by accident. He just happened along one day when a Chicago stock company found itself in need of a Private Jones for "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It was a big rôle for a beginner, but he received enough encouragement to continue. Then he played the lead in a piece called "The Broken Heart." Next came two weeks in "Darkest Russia," then "Faust" and "A Fool's Paradise." His first real chance came when he was engaged for the Ben Greet Players. He remained with them until 1908, appearing in sixteen Shakespearean productions, and playing Prospero, Orsino, and Marcus Brutus. He also appeared with Julia Marlowe. In 1909 he joined Robert Mantell's company and was seen as the leading man with Mr. Mantell. Recently he has been appearing as Jansoon Kolp in "Van Der Decken" with David Warfield. A picture of him in this rôle was published in our July, 1916, issue. 2. You can address Victor Georg at The Blackstone, Chicago, Ill.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Will John Barrymore appear in moving pictures again with the Famous Players? Will he continue in "Justice" next season? 2. Is it true that Marguerite Clark will return to the stage next season? 3. Who played opposite her in "Prunella?"

A.—John Barrymore's film engagements are indefinite. It was announced that he would continue in "Justice" and therefore would not be seen in motion pictures. 2. Yes, under the management of Charles B. Dillingham. 3. Ernest Glendinning.

W. T. K., London, O.—Q.—Kindly tell me whether you can furnish covers of old issues and at what rates? 2. Has Ed. Wynne returned to vaudeville or is he still with "The Follies?"

A.—We have very few covers of old issues of THE THEATRE on hand. If you will specify just which ones you require we shall be pleased to quote you a rate. The May, June, July, and August, 1916, front covers without printing can be purchased for ten cents each. 2. Ed. Wynne is at present appearing in "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden. A picture of him is in this issue.

A Subscriber, Cleveland, O.—Q.—Would it be possible for you to publish photographs of Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish who appeared in "The Birth of a Nation?" 2. Where can I obtain photographs of them? 3. Kindly give an account of Miss Marsh.

A.—We published small pictures of both Miss Marsh and Miss Gish in our October, 1914, issue (price 35c.). 2. You can procure original photographs of them from Witzel, photographer, Los Angeles, California. 3. Mae Marsh, who made a name for herself as the little sister in the Griffith success, "The Birth of a Nation," was born in Madrid, New Mexico, November 9, 1895. Her family moved to San Francisco the year before the earthquake. Their house was demolished and Miss Marsh herself had a narrow escape. Another sister entered the picture field at Los Angeles. Miss Marsh was eager to enter the same field and one day ventured into the Griffith studio. She received a trial, and after a few small parts she obtained the part of Mary, the lead, in "Sands o' Dee." Then followed the rôle of Lily White in "Man's Genesis." Since then she has appeared in many screen plays. She is at present with the Triangle Company.

N. M. G., Detroit, Mich.—Q.—Kindly give me the addresses of the following managers: Charles B. Dillingham, Messrs. Shubert, and A. H. Woods.

A.—You can address Charles B. Dillingham at the Globe Theatre; the Messrs. Shubert at the Shubert Theatre; and A. H. Woods, at the Eltinge Theatre, all New York City. 2. We cannot answer your other questions as they do not pertain to the theatre.

Mrs. J. McDonald, New York.—Q.—Kindly let me know on what day and in what city the tour of "The Pretty Sister of Jose," played by the Maude Adams Company in 1903, ended. 2. What play was next produced by said company, when, and where?

A.—"The Pretty Sister of Jose" closed its tour on April 23, 1904, at Cincinnati, and the Maude Adams company opened in St. Paul on April 25, 1904, in "The Little Minister."

P. B., New York.—Q.—Kindly publish an account of Conway Tearle's career. 2. Where can I obtain a photograph of him?

A.—Conway Tearle made his first appearance on the London stage at the Garrick Theatre on April 27, 1901, as the Viscomte de Chauvin in "The Queen's Double." He was engaged at the Imperial in 1903, with Ellen Terry, with whom he appeared as Thorolf in "The Vikings." Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing," etc. He has played numerous engagements in London and in America. During 1911, he played in "The Rack." At the Liberty Theatre, New York, in 1912, he acted Herbert Duncan in "Elevating a Husband." He played Rene with William Faversham in "The Hawk" and this past season has been appearing in Grace George's repertory company at the Playhouse. 2. Try White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York, or Moffett Studio, 25 Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

H. C. B., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you ever used a photo of Marie Doro on your cover, and what is the last issue in which a full-page picture of her appears? 2. What are some of the issues in which full-page or other large photos of Billie Burke appear? 3. Can you give me the cast or principals of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," played about ten or twelve years ago?

A.—A portrait in colors of Marie Doro as Oliver Twist appeared on our July, 1912, cover, and a full-page picture of her was printed in the July, 1913, issue. 2. Billie Burke's portrait in colors adorns the February, 1916, cover and this number also contains a full-page picture of her. There is a good picture of Miss Burke in the April, 1916, number; a full-page in the December, 1915; a full-page of her in her home in June, 1914; a picture in May, 1914; and a full-page in December, 1913. In October, 1915, there is a good sized photo of Miss Doro and a smaller picture of Miss Burke. The price of these issues is 35c. each. 3. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was produced at the New York Theatre by F. C. Whitney in 1903. The cast included William G. Stewart as Col. John Graham; Maude Lambert as Cordelia Allen; Zetti Kennedy as Kate Pemberton; Julia Gifford as Robert; George Backus as Jonathan Phoenix.

L. N., Mott, N. D.—Q.—Have you included Ethel Barrymore in your "Prominent Players in Their Homes" series? 2. When will you use Miss Barrymore's portrait on the cover? Has she been appearing on the legitimate stage or in motion pictures recently?

A.—No. 2. We do not know. Possibly in the near future. We have, however, published numerous full-page pictures of Miss Barrymore in the past. 3. She has been appearing on the stage in "Our Mrs. McChesney."

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Footlight Fashions

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

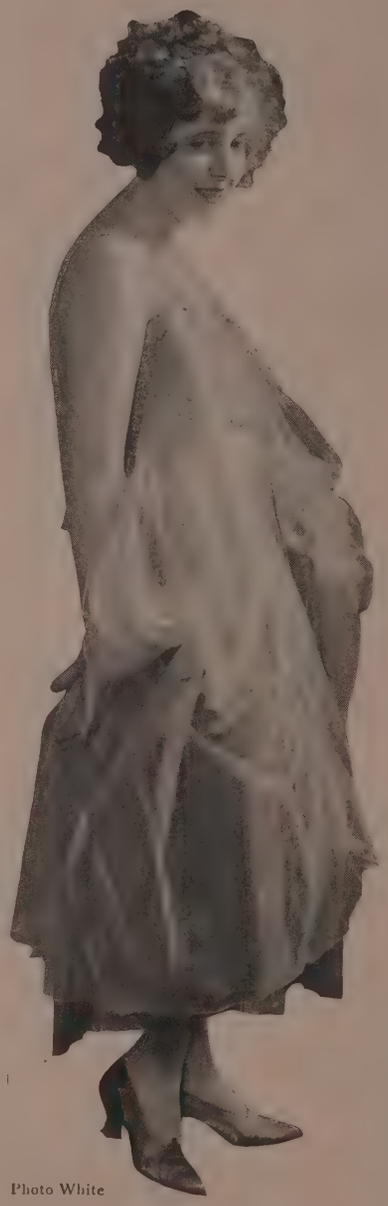


Photo White

Note Dollie Hackett's tulle drapery. All the fashionable summer brides are copying it.

Photo White

Miss Irene Fenwick's simple gown has been copied by Mrs. Angier Duke.

ISN'T it annoying that earlier issues of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE have held sketches of the year's most noted brides in their latest frocks?

As you remember, of course, both Madeline Astor-Dick and Barbara Rutherford Hatch, permitted me to show their pet dresses to you earlier in the Summer, and so I hesitate to make pictures of the adorable frocks that both these brides are wearing during the *lune de miel*. But you must let me describe one of Mrs. Hatch's gowns, because the pretty step-sister-in-law of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has complimented the stage in a roundabout manner (and who may be round about if not a step-sister-in-law?) by copying a frock which Mrs. Vanberbilt first copied from one worn by Nora Bayes at the Palace Theatre lately.

It is of silver lace—and by the way the vogue of silver lace seems likely to "run on forever," like Tennyson's brook—and the tunic of coarse fish net lace, is worked in a filet design of tiny blocks and triangles in silver thread.

The skirt is held into a billowy fulness by a beflounced petticoat of heatherbloom or some similar fabric, and wreaths of roses shaded from sulphur to a clear bright pink, encircle it in three zigzag rows. From the garlands depend a deep swinging fringe of silver thread spangled with flakes of rhine stone like gleaming dew drops. Posed very artistically at one side just on the waist line is a large flat rosette of plaited velvet ribbon, showing sulphur, violet, green and black, with ends of various length falling some only a few inches and others almost to the knee.

The corsage shows the silver embroidered net drawn in bretelle folds front and back to the bust line where it meets a wide loose bodice of old brocade in Versailles green—exactly the shade shown in the velvet rosette. A cluster of shaded roses heads the small sleeves of silver lace, and the same silver gleams below the net at the foot of the skirt.

Another dress that fails not to evoke gasps of admiration from Mrs. Hatch's friends whenever it is displayed, was dubbed a "keep-your-husband-at-home" frock by Elsie de Wolfe. This frock is an afternoon affair of the most summery flavor. Faded rose chiffon cloth is the fabric employed, and it is made over white *mousseline de soie*. All over the full short skirt are appliqued big sprawling bunches of grapes with their leaves of natural size, the grapes being done in white filet, and the leaves appliqued of white mousseline. The peculiar chic of the design is achieved by the employment of unusually coarse green silk in mounting the applique and pointing the stems of the grapes.

A light dust of silver powder simulates the bloom on the grapes. A cloth of silver parasol with big velvet grapes and a shade hat to match complete this costume. And it must, indeed, be an insensate spouse who would wander far from the side of the bride who wears it.

Some of the nicest things in Madeleine Astor's trousseau were finished after the Dicks had reached California and sent on to the bride. The most original of these last-minute frocks was of heavy white *peau de soie*, with bands of green chiffon set into the full round skirt at regular intervals. One banded the hips, a second appeared at the knee, and the third formed a flat band at the hem. Any one but a supreme artist would have mounted this dress on a commonplace foundation. Not so Lichtenstein. The dress was posed on a foundation of shadowy violet soirée, that gave exquisite orchid tints to the shimmery chiffon. Nothing is smarter than violet and gold, this Summer, and so a row of tiny gold dots—possibly they were infant buttons—peeps out as a hem finish for the violet foundation at every step of the wearer.

A green parasol with heavily hand wrought gold handle and a soft white lining goes with this frock. The bodice? That is rather conventional. A wrinkled white corsage with sleeves of unusual length, and a coatee frill of green at the bottom. Wee gold buttons almost touch each other in a straight row down the front, and along the outer edge of the sleeve.

If you believe all the smart people have fled from town, a drive to any of the fashionable woodland restaurants in the neighborhood will convince you to the contrary.

Lunching at the country club at Hastings on Hudson, a minute ago I met the merriest possible party. It consisted of the very youthful Mrs. Angier Duke, formerly Miss Drexel Biddle and her double sister-in-law, Mrs. Drexel Biddle, formerly Mary Duke. With them was Mrs. James Duke's son, young Inman, who roots for Princeton on every occasion, and waved a yellow bandana at the nearby Roosevelt Dicks, with Princetonian bonhomie.

Mrs. Duke wore a simple frock that puzzled me with its charm that held a familiarity really confusing. I gasped with complacency when I recalled the original, which was the fetchingly simple little frock of white embroidered net and crêpe de chine worn by Irene Fenwick in "The Co-Respondent," which recently terminated a run at the Republic Theatre.

The accompanying picture of Miss Fenwick's frock makes description unnecessary. With the simple dress Mrs. Duke wore a Jeanne Lanvin coat of thin green soirée lined with striped gold and white gauze and fastened with soft white streamers tipped with jade.

Everybody wept with disappointment about Miss Elsie Ferguson's bridal dress; it was so conventional a frock of blue soirée and chiffon. As Mrs. "Tom" Clarke, however, Miss Ferguson is redeeming herself by wearing the most stunning frocks of the Summer. I saw her dining with her enraptured husband at Trouville

Miss Hamilton's transparent Knox hat.

Photo White

the other evening in a lingerie dress that spoke the last word in daintiness. It was of the sheerest handkerchief linen, heavily hand wrought in a conventional design of *fleur de lis* with insets of Irish point. A long full coat—it had to be exceedingly full to spread over the voluminous billows of the frock—was of pale brown chiffon lined with shell pink.

Thin fabric with heavy trimming seems the contradictory note in the latest hats for Summer. A wonderfully popular model is the transparent Knox sailor and a good example of this mode is worn by Miss Laura Hamilton, one of the beauties of the Lew Fields' company. Miss Hamilton chose white net edged with Versailles green straw for her "show hat," and posed artistically —and let none but an artist attempt a Knox effect —are clusters of white grapes which seem to be nailed onto the brim and crown with gold headed tacks.

The very newest stage beauty to interest the bored set in town, is little Dollie Hackett at the Winter Garden. Miss Hackett has danced her way into favor in a series of frocks in which simplicity blends with smartness in the most fascinating way.

One of these little gowns is here pictured; it is of radium chiffon, sparkling like silver but showing the iridescent tones of the loveliest opals, a heavy embroidery of silver and pearls with here and there a sparkling rhinestone forms the top of a low full bodice, but the feature of this and of any of the newest Summer frocks is a wide enveloping cloud of the filmiest white tulle which floats like a wreathing mist about the wearer.

The frocks in the "Ziegfeld Follies" are worthy of comment, but as the management is just about to array the capricious beauties of the cast in a new set of gowns, it is scarcely worth while to describe any of them this month. Blue, is, of course, the key note to the very wonderful frocks David Belasco has selected as the proper garb for Miss Frances Starr in her new play, "The Little Lady in Blue." At this very moment, Miss Starr is posing in her newest gowns especially for this magazine, and she will appear in all her azure glory next month, too.

Society turned out in force at the closing performance of "Justice," which seemed to tear the whole of the New York Yacht Club away from its moorings, and bring many smart men and women from Newport and Long Island to say au revoir to John Barrymore and his support. One of the most charming gowns seen at the farewell presentation of the Galsworthy play was worn by Miss Mabel Wilbur, wife of Madison Corey, partner of Mr. Williams in the management of "Justice." Miss Williams entertained a box party including Governor and Mrs. Whitman, and her gown was of white net heavily encrusted with silver embroidery.

A unique effect was achieved by a fall of the silver employed as a narrow sleeve that growing wider and wider, wound around the skirt in the back and crossed the front as a broad flounce at the hem. A train of silver brocade finished this frock, which was one of the few long dresses turned out this Summer by the Callot sisters.

"Of course, it wouldn't be a Callot gown without a touch of black," whispered Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs to a neighbor who looked like Billie Burke, but wasn't. And the "touch of black" was given by a cluster of inky thistles which bloomed at the waist line and sprawled up the corsage.

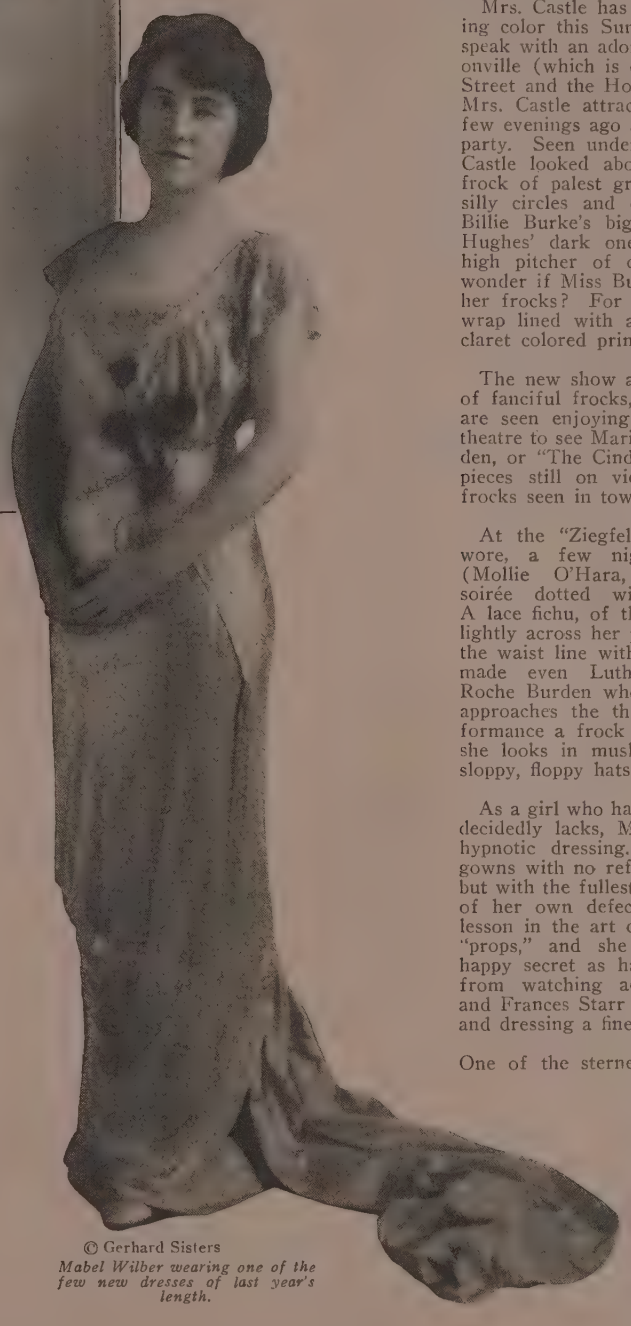
I believe that Mrs. Vernon Castle has gone West to grow up with the movies, and that Elsie Janis has sailed for a short visit to Europe, but before they left town, these contrasting types of stage loveliness were seen together several times during and after the Allies Bazaar, carefully chaperoned by two lynx-eyed mamas, and surrounded by swarms of admiring swains.

Mrs. Castle has adopted green as her prevailing color this Summer, and most of her gowns speak with an adorable Irish accent. At Armenonville (which is on the corner of Forty-second Street and the Hotel Knickerbocker, you know,) Mrs. Castle attracted many admiring glances a few evenings ago as the centre of a small dinner party. Seen under the artificial star light, Mrs. Castle looked about eleven years of age, in a frock of palest green chiffon, embroidered with silly circles and discs of darker green velvet. Billie Burke's big blue eyes and Mrs. Rupert Hughes' dark ones were fixed soulfully on a high pitcher of claret at a near-by table. I wonder if Miss Burke chooses her drinks to suit her frocks? For she wore a wonderful chiffon wrap lined with a silver and with a fringe of claret colored primroses around the wide collar.

The new show at the Winter Garden is a riot of fanciful frocks, but the pretty actresses who are seen enjoying their holiday by visiting the theatre to see Marie Tempest, or the Winter Garden, or "The Cinderella Man" or the few other pieces still on view, are wearing the prettiest frocks seen in town.

At the "Ziegfeld Follies" Pauline Frederick wore, a few nights ago, a fetching frock (Mollie O'Hara, I believe,) of pale rose soirée dotted with sprigs of faint brown. A lace fichu, of the vintage of 1800, was posed lightly across her pretty shoulders and caught at the waist line with a blue rose that would have made even Luther Burbank gasp. Cynthia Roche Burden who seems to grow taller as she approaches the thirties, wore at the same performance a frock of flowered muslin—how well she looks in muslin frocks—with one of those sloppy, floppy hats for which she is famous.

As a girl who has a reputation for a beauty she decidedly lacks, Mrs. Burden is an object lesson in hypnotic dressing. The way she chooses her gowns with no reference to the prevailing mode, but with the fullest knowledge of the exact needs of her own defects and beauties, is an object lesson in the art of being a beauty without the "props," and she owns that she learned this happy secret as have so many girls in her set, from watching actresses like Elsie Ferguson and Frances Starr with whom frocks are a fetich and dressing a fine art.

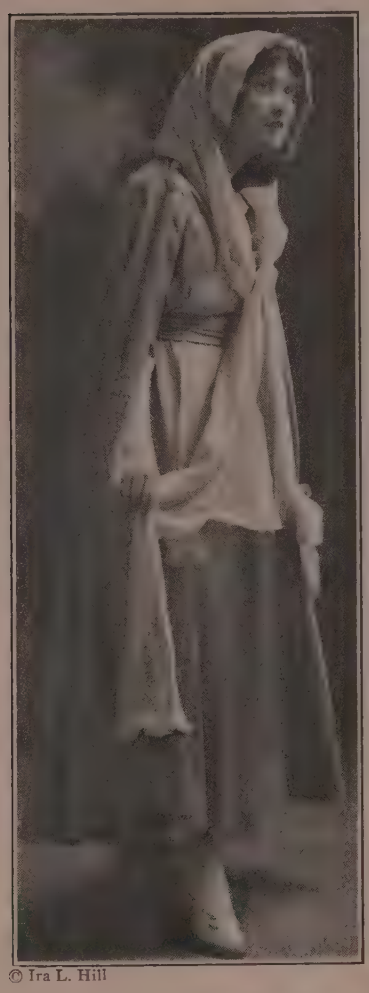


© Gerhard Sisters

Mabel Wilber wearing one of the few new dresses of last year's length.

One of the sterner duties which milady religiously performs before taking herself to Newport for the Summer, is the ordering of next Winter's furs. It is one of the satires of fashion, that during the dogdays the vital question of furs rears its vexatious head and like the ghost of Banquo will not down until the sables and ermines, the seals and lynxes of yesteryear have been looked over and new models decided upon. One of the trying days of early July was spent by Mrs. Vincent Astor in choosing a quite wonderful array of new furs for next December. An opera wrap of plucked ermine selected by Mrs. Astor has a shimmery lining of champagne satin of lustrous quality and of a softness unbelievable in that fabric. Heads and tails of the small white beast, bordered a wide square collar that perked up in the back like a priest's, in the style so much liked in fabrics by Jeanne Lanvin. A great pocket placed on the outside like the patch pockets in sports coats, was a novel feature of this coat. It would seem, from the hints of designers, that the richness of fur garments during the coming winter is to be unexampled.

Clothes Seen On The Stage

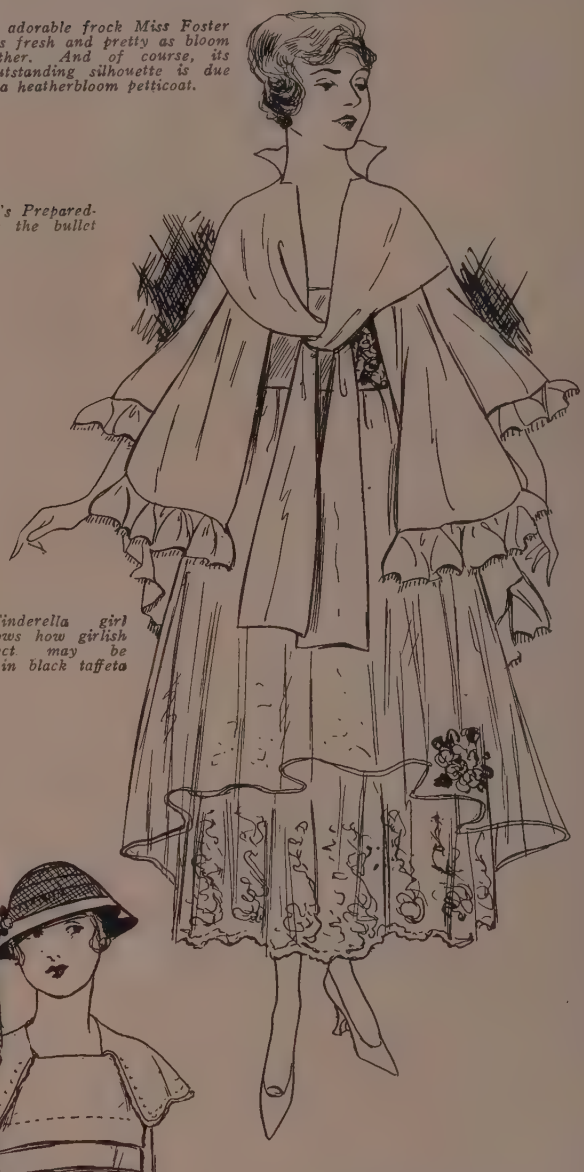


© Ira L. Hill

Miss Phoebe Foster in "The Cinderella Man." This photograph was taken especially for the Theatre Magazine.

This is Miss Foster's Preparedness frock. Notice the bullet buttons.

In this adorable frock Miss Foster looks as fresh and pretty as bloom o' heather. And of course, its chic outstanding silhouette is due to a heatherbloom petticoat.



This Cinderella girl frock shows how girlish an effect may be achieved in black taffeta

THERE isn't a matinée maid in New York that doesn't swear by Phoebe Foster. The place held in the feminine heart by Laurette Taylor, when all the schoolgirls used to save up their pocket money to see "Peg o' My Heart," is occupied by the pretty little actress who is the central figure in "The Cinderella Man" this year; and the "Phoebe Foster" hat, the "Phoebe Foster slippers," and even the Phoebe Foster gas stove have sprung up to emphasize her popularity. And there's the "Phoebe Foster nut sundae, too," at the soda fountains, and if that isn't Fame, pray what do you call it?

Of course, Miss Foster's frocks and frills are of thrilling interest to her girl admirers, who are constantly asking their dressmaker to copy her second act frock or her third act cape, and who make sketches of the details of her simple dresses between the acts of "The Cinderella Man."

Up to Miss Foster's pretty home on the Riverside Drive, therefore, pilgrimed our artist to show the matinée girls what pretty frocks their favorite wears when she isn't on the stage.

There is just one word that describes Miss Foster's fresh young beauty, and that is "heatherbloom." The delicacy and the faint out-of-door fragrance that belong to the flowers that bloom on the wind-blown Scotch heath, exactly fit Miss Foster's soft loveliness. And if the heather bloom isn't her pet flower it ought to be.

It is quite fitting, speaking of heather, that Miss Foster's first frock, was a one-piece affair created especially for her own wear by Tappe. It is a Scotch looking dress, of plaid soirée, to be worn, as you see, with a typically Highland hat. The green ground of the plaid is blocked into large squares by yellow lines, scarcely more than threads in width.

"I call this my 'preparedness' frock," said the Cinderella girl, as she slipped into the little frock to show how smart its lines and how very light and cool its effect. "Why 'preparedness'? because you are prepared for any degree of hot weather?" I asked.

"Oh, dear me no. Haven't you noticed the adorable bullet buttons?" was Miss Foster's reproachful answer. And the buttons that give the little frock a chic the most indescribable, are of yellow éponge, in the same shade that shows in the plaid which is the new tone of dull écru. Since the plaid is of no tartan known to heraldry, and since as a heatherbloom beauty Miss Foster is clearly entitled to a Scottish distinction of her own, Tappé has dubbed the big check the plaid of clan Foster.

But before we look at Miss Foster's other frocks I must tell you that at her elbow as she sat down to show how prettily the clan Foster preparedness frock fell into graceful lines (and charming dresses sometimes fail of that characteristic when the wearer abandons the pose in which the fitter has "tried on") were several tell-tale samples of heatherbloom petticoat fabric, so I suppose the charming crispness and *bouffant* of her skirts were due to heatherbloom beneath.

When Miss Foster succeeds in persuading her mother that for just once, she may behave like a regular grown up actress off the stage and go to a roof garden after the theatre on one of these hot midsummer nights, she will wear an adorably girlish frock of heatherbloom soirée.

I am afraid you will think there is but one adjective in my vocabulary, but this sensitive peach color is exactly that of the heatherbloom again. The slip, which is cut round and short is of the silk, and a long tunic of tulle very, very full and reaching almost to the hem, is of the same shade and is finished at the bottom with a cording of the soirée. Just showing under the tulle is a fall of silver lace which finishes the silken slip.

The bodice is an exceedingly girlish little model (I saw two exactly similar ones in Barbara Rutherford's trousseau) and is really only a very wide high

(*Continued on page* 108)

No theatregoer will ever forget the charm, simplicity and conviction of the roles played by Florence Nash. She was eminently successful as Aggie Lynch in "Within The Law" and as Polly Cary in "Sinners". Miss Nash is shown wearing a hat from Knox who have opened a Women's Sport Clothes Department in addition to their Millinery establishment.

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Mid-Season Tendencies

TENDENCIES, outside of bargains, I suppose, are the most interesting features about dresses at this in-between season. And tendencies are vague enough. The new model evening frocks still come in silk net with numerous fluffy skirts over satin or taffeta and still make use of reed, pannier, and other devices to give the farthingale effect: while the one-piece dresses for day wear still hang in the straight slim lines of the early summer, with perhaps a pocket drapery at the hips or a silk-lined fold. (Such a one as is shown in the sketch at the right.) Serges must be in navy blue and satins largely in black. And since the topsy-turvying of seasons and fabrics is now an acknowledged fad and furs appear in July and straws in January, it is perfectly logical that as the summer progresses towards the cooler fall the lighter weight material satin should be transplanting serge. It will soon be cold enough probably to put on our chiffons.

Perhaps the most definite tendency is the lengthening of the skirt—both in evening and day wear frocks—for which it is a moot question whether we should be glad or sorry. Undoubtedly a youthfully figured woman with pretty feet and ankles—which the average American woman has—looks charming in even a very short skirt, but there have been so many fat and graceless, and not a few bow-legged, knock-kneed, or thick-ankled, who have assumed the fashion as well—almost always the very shortest skirt too—that the whole general effect has been more painful than pleasing. I haven't been able, by the way, to decide whether the latter class are blindly unaware of their defects or have misinterpreted the mode of the short skirt to read that there is something inherently seductive and naughty in a leg just as a leg and so show all that the law allows. The public, if ever there were that superstition, must feel by now as did the old wardrobe mistress of the ballet who said: "Legs is no treat to me!" If you are perfectly certain of the symmetry of your underpinnings you may unimpeachably continue with your short skirt: but if your mirror suggests any doubt to your mind you may drop the hem a bit and comfort yourself with the fact that you are a little more in fashion.

Serge continues its hold on popularity. In blue and copied from an expensive model this one above shows the newest features of the mid-season, slim lines with side drapery lined with blue satin, blue satin panel and ball buttons on silk cords.

What one shop calls "The Butterfly"! A wide girdle of glittering silver tissue forms the bodice from which silver ribbons ray down onto the innumerable ruffles of fine white net. In back a just-as-lifelike butterfly has perched for a second.

A pale yellow net suggesting moonlight in its color over shimmering yellow chiffon taffeta. A girdle of two shades of yellow ribbon caught up with small bunches of French flowers and a wing sleeve are new features.

Silk net is still the favorite material for evening frocks and the manufacturers are doing themselves awfully well on colorings of which a deep salmon pink is one of the loveliest. The frock above is made up in that color over satin with a wreath of flowers around the bodice in indigo blue, pink and lavender.

If not serge, then black satin! Choose one of the very new models, with lengthened waist, belt and full skirt, cut on the lines of a child's frock and giving a deliciously youthful look to any wearer.

© Ira L. Hill

To H. W. Gossard Company,
Chicago, Ill.

For comfort, style and beauty of line,
I find the Gossard corset absolutely
unequalled.

Marjorie Rambeau

The Way Of New Wraps

Of orchid gros-de-laine, Cheruit made a marvelous wrap and trimmed it with silver lace. The American copy is priced at $69.50, and is three-quarter length.

Paquin made a taffetas coat of twilight blue and lined it in old pink crêpe de chine. Pink beaded tassels were added to the corners of the wide tucks which cross the back and that part of the collar which doesn't frill around the face, was beaded in pink too. The American copy is marked $68.00.

VOLUMINOUS are the evening wraps for Summer, 1916. There is a general tendency to cape effects, many of them having no sleeves, or even arm openings.

But, as always, a certain leniency in the Mode allows some equally good-looking coats to swing over to the other extreme, and gather their loose fullness into a semblance of a waist line by means of very ornamented sashes.

This quartet of charming wraps are now being worn by five of the smartest and prettiest girls in New York's newest musical comedy—but we know where exact duplicates can be bought

Send our Shopping Department a postal and we'll let you in on the secret.

Quite the prettiest and by far the most practical of the season's evening coats is this delightful one of soft white wool velour, copied from a model by Jenny. It reaches nearly to the hem of the skirt. It is popularly priced at $32.50.

The charm of a twilight blue satin manteau is limited only by its soft natural maraboa edges. A few rows of shirring lift the waistline into Empire lines. $42.50.

Clothes Seen On The Stage—(Continued)

Chinese blue taffeta, tucks and a heatherbloom petticoat constitute the genus and genesis of this pretty costume.

girdle of the silk with shoulder straps of the tulle. A silver flower—was it heather?—was discreetly tucked into the bodice just at the left.

I do not know what New York modiste executed the charming evening wrap which will be worn with this little dress, but certainly the inspiration of Jeanne Lanvin is seen in the fascinating garment which is a full, big-sleeved affair, of rose soirée, that falls in quite wonderful cascades of the thin, shimmery silk to the foot of the frock which it is designed to cover. Soft sashes of the same silk tie or may be left flowing midway of the fronts and just above the waist line. The soft low rolling collar is an original touch quite as Lanvinesque as were the cardinal collars on the Spring coats designed by that modiste.

For street wear, not even the cool Japanese silks find such favor with Miss Foster as does the taffeta soirée which is her pet fabric for Summer. A very flossy little frock which demonstrates that black may be a most youthful color, is of inky soirée, made in one piece. A very full skirt, suggesting a billowy under petticoat rather than crinoline or hair cloth is outlined at the waist by a narrow line of Chinese blue. Midway of the length blue ribbon circles the full skirt and from the waist float several ends of the same ribbon. "Trailers," Miss Foster calls them, but in our grandmama's days these floating bits of color were named "beaucatchers."

With this frock Miss Foster wears a thistle down hat of such a lightness that one might almost call it a whiff of air. It is white chiffon, in a wide sailor effect, the filmy material being drawn smoothly over and under the frame, and its sole trimming is one of the new ruffle veils of thin black thread lace. Possibly it sounds in my description a rather severe and elderly frame for so girlish a face as Miss Phoebe Foster's, but when you see it posed on her soft brown hair, it is as juvenile as possible in effect—like the crowning white blossom in a misty bridal bouquet.

I quite gasped when the prettiest and youngest of all the young and pretty actresses in town told me that she hadn't a single thin white dress in her wardrobe. It had such a wintry sound, hadn't it? this confession. However, since she is a girl who has a very sound and well regulated brain behind her liquid brown eyes, I was sure she had a theory to account for her lack of the usual fluffy frocks we all collect for Summer wear, and so she has.

"Nothing is so warm looking as a frock that has lost its pristine freshness," declares this wise little actress, "and I prefer for Summer wear thin silks and voiles that owe their crisp and dainty coolness to touches of thin, sheer white here and there in frills and collars. If necessary I wear two or three fresh collars daily. And the result? Well, when I come home from the theatre in my perfectly fresh blue frock (I'll show it to you in a minute) it is quite likely that I find waiting for me a girl friend or two, in for a day from sea shore or country, who have vigorously criticized my dark-colored frock and proudly displayed their own dainty dress earlier in the day. In nine cases out of ten, the girl who had been a morning vision in a cool white lingerie gown or a dainty chiffon or painted muslin, looks, by evening, as if she had dressed herself in a bedraggled left over from yesteryear, while my crisp sheer collar and cuffs look so cool and fresh it seems positively silly to change them for a filmy house gown. So I smile serenely when they show me adorable confections at Bendel's or Tappé's or Wassermann's and say: 'Yes, they are awfully sweet, but please show me a one-piece model in silk or voile.'"

The blue gown to which Miss Foster refers is sure to find a place in the heart of every young girl who loves original and smartly youthful frocks. It is an affair of tucks. Tucks, as you see on bodice, on skirt and sleeve the only relieving touch on the blue voile of which it is constructed, being the sheer, collar and wrist pieces of sheerest silk muslin. Like all the smartest Summer models, this delicious little frock owes its chic to a many frilled petticoat of heatherbloom artfully cut to give the dress exactly the correct outstanding fulness that distinguishes this season's modes, without the artificial aid of crinoline or any of the stiff ungraceful devices employed by those who haven't discovered the unapproachable usefulness of this popular petticoat fabric.

"And is your hat tucked, too?" asked the artist, who has a soul for the unities, while Miss Foster was showing this delectable little dress. And then the Cinderella girl made a naughty little joke. "But, of course," she said, showing the hat with its pretty garniture of roses and heather. "As you plainly see, it is tucked up on one side." And so, of course, it is. But would you expect anything so near a pun from the demurest of little heatherbloom maidens? And the jest so disconcerted the artist that she posed the tucked up hat in place of the black and white one and vice versa, which shows that a joke like that is a crime which brings its own punishment.

"I find that Heatherbloom Petticoats lend a graceful charm and correct support to my new gowns."
(Signed) Phoebe Foster
"The Cinderella Maid"

THE popularity of Heatherbloom Petticoats in stageland has long ago manifested itself, and this season Heatherbloom will enjoy a wider appreciation than ever before.

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At the Ball

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Evans's Depilatory

is the sure, safe way to acquire this end. This soft powder, applied now and then, keeps the skin free from objectionable hair.

There is no safe way to remove hair *permanently*.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. Money back if you want it. At drug-and department-stores, or send us 50c and your dealer's name and address.

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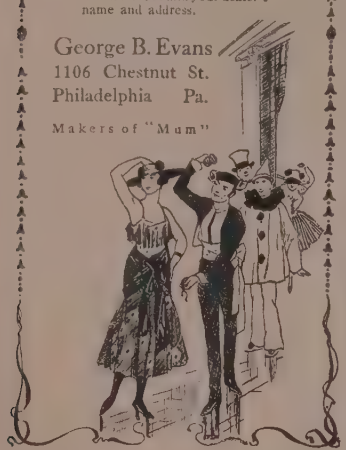

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and keeps the skin and clothing fresh and sweet all day. Does not check perspiration—that would be harmful. A snow white, greaseless cream. Harmless to skin and clothing.

25c—sold by 9 out of 10 drug- and department-stores.

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MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE ADVERTISING FRAUD TO LIVE

We Can See Through the Vogue For Bonnets of Lace Because It Is American; But the Subtle Charms of Hats From Paris Are Deep as Their Velvet Folds

WHILE next Winter is still this Summer, Paris sends us some delightful examples to prove that velvet hats know no season.

In fact, a velvet bonnet has grown to be one of those charmingly necessary articles which one simply *Must* have all year 'round.

Some of these French ones were sent to a Stageland Star by her sister in Paris, but all just arrived, flaunting their labels of names famous in Bonnetry.

But in the midst of your admiration for the new French hats, please don't overlook the bonnet of lace!

Just as one is about to feel that the possibilities for something "new" in millinery are exhausted, along comes a hat like the one we have sketched here, just to prove there is always something new under the sun.

The tiny brim on this Louison purple velvet hat turned itself up all the way round, so there was no room for the purple wings except on the tip-top of the crown.

Ida Margueritte placed one pink blossom and another blue one so satisfactorily on a black velvet shape that she considered the task well done and the hat complete. But not before she used her scissors to artistically snip out bits of the brim.

Beige silk is used with bronze-green velvet in this creation of Esther Meyer. A golden pheasant ornament harmonizes beautifully with both colors.

Sprouting from an innocent enough looking leather cuff, glistening bronze coque feathers and dark green velvet loops burst forth. By Vasselin Villetard.

Marguerite Levine circles the crown of a bronze green silk hat with a pheasant band leaving one wing to play with Paris breezes. The facing peeps up over the edge of the brim to let us know it's velvet.

Tea a la Carte

A very efficient wheel-tray has two large oval trays easily removed for cleaning. It is pretty enough for parties and at the same time substantially constructed for "saving steps" in daily routine housework. $10.00 in black enamel. $12.00 in white enamel.

ONE day last winter, a delegation of sympathetic friends were paying a "convalescent call" on a popular Filmland Star who was just recovering from a rather serious illness.

When tea was wheeled into her pretty gold and blue boudoir, there was a general chorus of admiration, for never before had any of us seen such a smart, dainty, business-like looking wheel-tray.

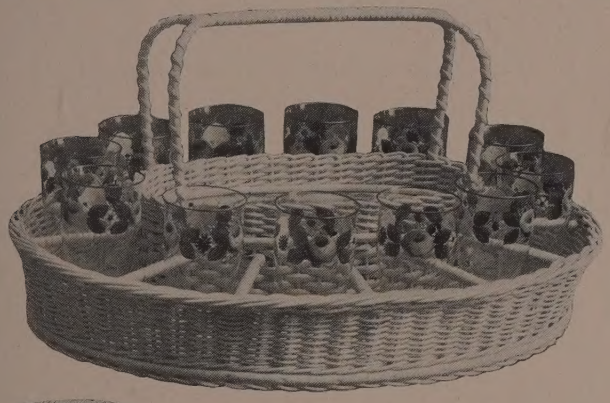
Of white enamel, its rubber tired wheels gliding noiselessly over the polished floor, it was quite the best looking and most practical affair of this kind we had ever seen.

And, a week ago, at a Garden Party, I had another opportunity to meet my friend, the wheel-tray, in a very different rôle.

A very solemn Buddah graces the lid of this clover sprayed teapot. He must have been enthroned there to guard the contents, since the pot itself comes from Denmark, a long way from a Buddah's native haunts. $3.75.

Set with the quaintest ice-tea service imaginable, its double trays carrying the most delectable sandwiches and cakes, its capacity was ample enough for a good sized party.

A wheel-tray of this kind soon makes itself indispensable in a home, not only for serving food, but to "save steps" in many different ways in daily routine housework. The two oval trays are enameled steel, and easily removed for cleaning.



On tall, thin glasses, lovely hand-painted roses rival nature to make this ice-tea-service for twelve with its convenient white enameled wicker basket a most necessary adjunct to Tea on the Lawn. $20.00 complete.

There is nothing very unusual about this Canton Blue China affair until one notes its wide mouth and learns it is an Iced Tea Tanker. Priced at $5.00.

The charm of an out-of-doors tea may be greatly enhanced by a tea service of Copenhagen pottery. This set of twenty-nine pieces is priced at $15.00.

THE SPANISH SAILOR—

one of Rawak's newest

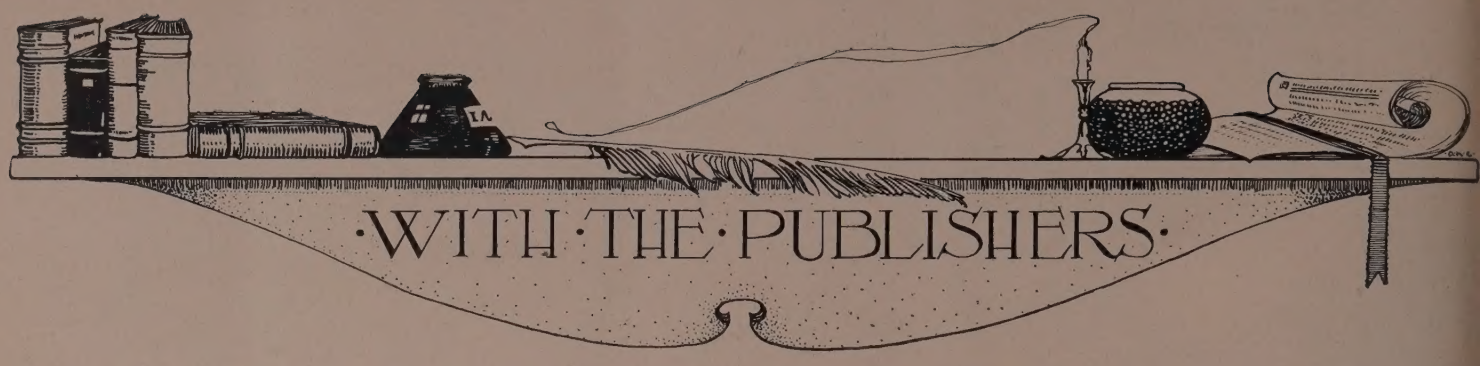
You will see the Spanish Sailor—and other Rawak originations—wherever smart women congregate.

Ask for these hats at the leading establishments.

Insist upon the individuality, quality and style guaranteed by the Rawak trademark.

PARIS RAWAK LONDON

48 West 38th Street, New York



·WITH·THE·PUBLISHERS·

AT the opening of "Stop Look, Listen," at the Globe Theatre last winter, after the last curtain, a tremendous crowd rushed out to the automobile entrance.

Someone said: "Here comes Gaby Deslys!"

But it was not Gaby they were seeking but Billie Burke, whom they had spotted in a box during the performance.

Truly thought we, she is one of the most fascinating women on our stage, and her early life would be interesting to our readers.

So we asked her to "reminisce" a bit and with a smile and in her quaint way, she exclaimed: "Right now, and when I am working twenty-four hours a day? Why, the very idea!"

But, just the same, the idea appealed to her, and a few days ago our telephone rang and the voice of Billie Burke said: "Won't you come up and see me? I want to read you what I have written. I've kept it a big surprise."

So we went up, got her script, helped go through an old trunk for some photographs of her early childhood, and put it all in work so as to have it ready for next month's magazine.

AND now for the second in the series of autobiographies to be published in the October THEATRE—

Robert Mantell. Here's a name to conjure with. It brings to mind, visions of King Lear, and all the Shakespearean characters Mantell has made familiar to the vast army of theatregoers.

Mr. Mantell told us some time ago: "In a few weeks I am going to take a rest at my summer place"—and this was our cue—"Nothing will give you more pleasure and rest than to write your memoirs," we said. Don't forget they will be published in October. That you will be interested goes without saying.

"I SUPPOSE, Mr. Edeson, you get up about noontime, don't you?"

This was the beginning of an interview Robert Edeson recently gave to an interviewer fresh from a course in a correspondence school.

It is really remarkable how far removed from the truth is the public's idea of the actor's daily routine.

Most of us envy their "easy time" but few of us realize that after a long day's rehearsal, and then an evening performance, they are up bright and early, and for what purpose?

To protect their interests, of course. "And what interests have they, other than the stage?" you will ask. Many of them with a keen business sense have invested their surplus money in business enterprises and we asked Ada Patterson to look about and tell us just how many prominent artists are in business.

It will be quite a revelation to you to read in the September issue that some of your favorite players might just as well have been successful heads of corporations, or bank presidents.

"MY lord, the carriage awaits."

We see a smile coming over your face when you recall how the poor unappreciated super steps on the stage to make the announcement.

But the super plays his part in the scheme of things and Charlie Burnham, who managed Wallack's Theatre for years, comes to his defence in the September THEATRE and tells us of his part in the drama and of his hopes for advancement.

The article relates many incidents both amusing and pathetic, and we're sure that you'll no longer smile when the super comes out to announce that the Duke of Buckingham awaits without the portals.

IF you were to ask us the name of a little girl who has won her way into the hearts of playgoers, un-press-agented, we would say unhesitatingly, "The little girl's name is Ann Murdock." We remember her first appearance, and we said to ourselves at the time that if we could push the hands of the clock forward a few years we could certainly see Ann Murdock's name bebulbed above the entrance of a New York theatre.

And this has come to pass.

Ann Murdock will be starred next season, and Ira L. Hill has taken a charming portrait of her which will be used on the September cover of THE THEATRE.

ROBERT ADAMSON, the New York Fire Commissioner said to us one night in the lobby of a New York theatre: "The Fire Department of every large city is the child's best friend."

"That's interesting," we replied, "go on," and then Robert explained that children flock to the theatres in all the larger cities of the country to-day because their parents know the theatres are safe.

We believe the one thing that deterred parents from permitting their children to go to the play twenty-five or thirty years ago, was this very thought for their safety.

We asked Commissioner Adamson to tell us just how the theatres are safeguarded from fire and he promised that he would some day.

The day has come—the article is here. You will read it with interest in the September THEATRE.

IF you have been disappointed in the past by being unable to get THE THEATRE MAGAZINE at the newsstands, it will certainly not be remedied in the near future.

In these days we buy paper almost as sparingly as we do our wives' jewels, and while in the past a liberal run of "overs" was struck off every month, the present market prices of paper prohibits it. We are at a time right now where we can only make as many magazines as are *actually* ordered.

The subscription form is an awfully nice way of being assured of your magazine—it comes crisp and fresh with every issue, without delay and on time.

Your twelve issues of THE THEATRE purchased from the newsstand cost you $4.20—by subscribing they cost you but $3.50.

In other words, if our mathematics does not fail us, you get two copies free.

141 Plays for $6.50

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Would you like to sit down and chat with the celebrated authors and players?

You can—whenever you choose, and as often as you choose, in the quiet and comfort of your home—if you have the bound copies of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1915.

Besides the reviews of the 141 plays, you will find about 150 special articles—delightful anecdotes about the plays, the players and the playwrights—hundreds and hundreds of photographic illustrations of the scenes and the players, here and abroad.

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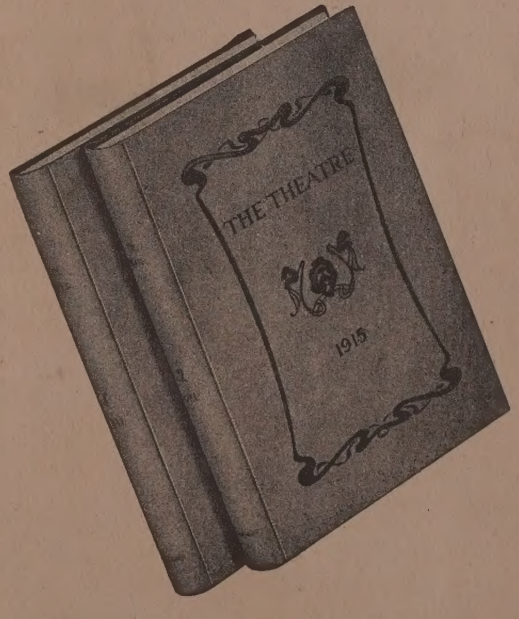

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